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THE GIFT OF
Albert Greene

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John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTIETH.

LONDON:

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THE POEMS OF YOUNG.

VOLUME I.

a 2

A

POEM

ON

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Venit ſumma dies." VIRG.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; Thou alone
Can bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return.
Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.
When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſart waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?
But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;

To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By ſtricter rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Madg. Coll. Oxon. T. WARTON.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his towering Muſe,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the Muſes ſing in early times,
Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice, and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.

But

But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes,
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
  Theſe purer thoughts from groſs alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe alliurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of Saints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
" Of future judgment, and the riſing dead;
" Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'erthrown;
" And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan."
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf, deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou canſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's Syſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee?
Through life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And ſure, thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind;
Firſt, beyond time our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

" Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
" Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
" Terra tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
" Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor." VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With Britain's Hero* ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's antient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne Arch-angels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then

Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? The labouring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul:
They ſhine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period riſe, and That decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So *bright*, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The tract forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all Nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes;

While

While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heaven inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh powerful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Though God's whole enginery diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?

Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flows the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,

All

All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

Say then, my Muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some through vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watery worlds to ſink, or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:

One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? Who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heavens! how the *good* man trembles!—
And is there a Laſt Day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!

What

What equals *this?* And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.
For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning power suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightening flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terror on their actions past;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through *fear and anguish, melt* away;

Nor

Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he 's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep:
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.

As

As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the Muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

——— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν
Λείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται. PHOCYL.

"———We hope, that the departed will riſe again
"from the duſt: after which, like the gods,
"they will be immortal."

NOW Man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh, adventure coſt,
In wide Eternity I dare be loſt.
The Muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to *human kind*:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,

To

To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long-committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head; the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great ſoul farewell.
Obſcure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Though realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each fragrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wanderings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wondering ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That antient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wiſe, or juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,

Now

* Weſtminſter Abbey.

Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All 's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a god-like mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends *on every ſide*,

Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
Here *greatneſs* proſtrate falls; there, *ſtrength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* ſmile; there, beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful Muſe, that homage ſhow,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious * names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your cryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a *mber*.

Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when every fire
And every ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wondrous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the Bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the GOD of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,

At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or deſcent!
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of antient days;
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands.
Cæſar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above:
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand:*
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)

Immortal

Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They All are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
" For judgment, judgment, ſons of men prepare!"
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt power of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muſe,
How art thou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal *death*.

Thence

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlaſting SON;
Crown'd with that majeſty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praiſe, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world 's in flames.
On one hand, Knowlege ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of Juſtice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?

O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy Priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.

Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary Muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
[illegible]vious violence of Prayer?

Thus

Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watery worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy power, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!

" When

" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*
" Through every ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great Anne *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
" Open with Prayer the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world 's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling fight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;

" His

" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with His ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
" Canſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in Eternity's deep boſom lies!
" At the Great Day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my GOD, my Saviour ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of THEE."

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

"Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
"Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœl
"Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret."
OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the Muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heaven opening, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:

So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden prayer,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the Muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Shouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended intereſts level'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound? What millions wouldſt thou give
For One more trial, One more day *to live?*

Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the Sun; but ſtill of this deſpair.
  Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in every face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
  Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.

Since

Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious Muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts Time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? no-where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd—

Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God.

Horrors, *beneath*, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heaven's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
" Muſt all thoſe powers, heaven gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring-in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe*, *reaſon*, *memory*, increaſe my woe?

" And

" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain?*
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence given,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heaven ſtoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſued, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlackening flame;
" Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
" *NEVER!* where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
" My plunge but ſtill begun—And this for ſin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?
" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Didſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth,

" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of Thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery?
" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the God-head bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame
" Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſued!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
" And canſt Thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs?
" Calling Thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at Thy deſire?
" With mortals anguiſh wilt Thou raiſe *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold-in Thy rage,
" Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:

" Forget

" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He 's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;

To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble, theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd Æther choke,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;

There,

There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel, ſay where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Libya? Where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conquering flame.

This

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *ſeal*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have you not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heaven's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
ıder through all the glories of thy mind.

Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Miner*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait:
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and pleaſe that bounteous GOD,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And GOD ſhine forth in one *Eternal* DAY.

THE

THE FORCE OF RELIGION; OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

A P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

" Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus." VIRG.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK I.

" ——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
" Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas."
VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
My Muſe deſcend: Indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious liſts of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And *fortune* ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light;
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this iſle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born:

When-

When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treaſon not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the ſummit of imperial ſtate,
With equal mind ſuſtain'd the ſtroke of fate.
But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reaſon fortify his heart?
At once ſhe longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
Now ſwift ſhe moves, and now advances ſlow,
To find her lord; and, finding, paſſes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares ſhe meet his eye;
Left that, unaſk'd, in ſpeechleſs grief, diſcloſe
The mournful ſecret of his inward woes.
Thus, after ſickneſs, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin ſhuns the glaſs.
At length, with troubled thought, but look ſerene,
And ſorrow ſoften'd by her heavenly mien,
She claſps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and ſweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming roſe.
"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is loſt;
"What far outſhines a crown, we ſtill may boaſt;
"A mind compos'd; a mind that can diſdain
"A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
"Nothing is loſs that virtue can improve
"*To wealth eternal*; and return above;
"Above,

" Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
" And him, who, baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the ſplendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the difference here below;
" I lately was a Queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While Guilford's Wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire, add in love—
" Your God-like ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.

His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now, ſilent, wander'd through his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And every tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the viſion of a day.
Thus, in the Britiſh clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
Will oft the ſmiling face of heaven deform;
The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the foreſt bend;
A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:

Black

Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Power Divine!
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
"In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
"I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
"And if my piety may claim thy care;
"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a Future State;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore
"For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!

" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
" If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me.
" Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
" And in a guilty land to ſpeak Thy praiſe!
" O may th' indulgence of a *father*'s love,
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
" If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll think my prayers ſucceed,
" And bleſs thy tender mercies, whilſt I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid juſtice, ruſh'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her reſt;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping through her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſt rung;
Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our priſoner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;

The buſy trades in cities had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and was no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!
Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture *riſing out of cares*:

No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Unit'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where Ennis falls quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the blest Indian of his care beguile.
To vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
Who, through the [illegible] terrors, darts her sight
To the [illegible] of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace. To weeping friends
[illegible] recommends;
[illegible] heavy,
[illegible] away.
[illegible] her care—
[illegible] for his share.
[illegible]
[illegible] to the skies;
[illegible] fight,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the conquers in the doubtful field;
Thus Heaven the seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now death's welcome; his approach is slow;
His tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
[illegible] misfortune still shall prove the last:

Alas!

Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!
A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.
Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now *ſhe* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve *behind*.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION,

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

"Hæc pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis?"

VIRG.

HER Guilford claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath.
Two tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire:
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light,
And Guilford too, or ſhe had loath'd the light:
Her *father*'s death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her *own*,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, ſhe began, and would have ſpoke;
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and every accent broke:
Reaſon itſelf, as guilt of paſſion grew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
So the youth loſt his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell:
The ſcatter'd features thus into decay,
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and controul
manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,

What

What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow;
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair: ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill-diſſembled grief; "My life, forbear!
"You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? Repreſs your own;
"Nor want compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
"Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main,
"The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
"They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
"Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
"And where 's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis moſt unkind;
"Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, *to ſhare one common* tomb.—

"And

THE FORCE OF [illegible]

VANQUISHED

[illegible]

" Hic pietatis honos [illegible]

HER Guilford [illegible]
And with a kiss [illegible]
To tapers thus, [illegible]
A lighted taper, [illegible]
She rear'd her [illegible]
And Guilford [illegible]
Her *father's* death [illegible]
But now the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A ſcene, that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I deſpiſe
"An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down;
"But where 's the Charles, or Diocleſian where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
"Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
"In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
"And, through th' unclouded cryſtal of thine eye,
"The heavenly treaſures of the mind to ſpy!
"Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
"And my ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
"Give me the world, and aſk me, Where 's my bliſs?
"I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This.*
"And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wondering, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!

Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who, but Guilford, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flowery meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler ſcenes than the *Brave or Fair.*

Was

Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now *firſt* the ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death? muſt ſhe
Bid Guilford bleed?—It muſt not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What though our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,
Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt roar
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unreſiſted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raiſe our humble names;
'Tis *our* Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
As He ſhall reign Almighty, We are ſtrong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* deſpair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in ſilence, to the ſkies,
Devoutly ſad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When ſudden winds ſweep ſcatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majeſty, till now unknown;
And breathing life and ſpirit ſcarce her own;
She, riſing, ſpeaks: "If theſe the terms ——"

Here,

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: he beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſt:
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
" And ſhew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh! if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
" In pity to thyſelf, forget the paſt!
" Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear,
" Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou haſt held ſo dear:
" Thou who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
" Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
" That to *continue*, was its utmoſt power,
" And make the future like the preſent hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel ſword
" Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs lord;
" Transfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim),
" And ſtain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.
" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorſe;
" But ſure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoak upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been ſevere;
" Then take your vengeance"--Suffolk now drew near;

Bending

Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus ſlowly creeps, to meet the blooming ſpring:
Downward he caſt a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; than faintly ſpoke,
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my ſoul's deſire! I can't refrain;
" And ſhall my tears, my *laſt* tears, flow in vain?
" When you ſhall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſt,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And ſoil'd his hoary temples in the duſt.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?
O weak deſerters to misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky!
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human intereſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind;
As round the generous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,

Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His poiſonous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies!
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with its force her reſolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover, weltering on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks, of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd;
The lifted ax affrigh'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed? or here break off my tale?
Nor truths, to ſtagger human faith, reveal.
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate
With Chriſtian dignity, and pious ſtate:
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſt,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breaſt:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace!
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky:
" Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo *great*;
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and have given
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to heaven,
" If ſo the Queen decrees *:—But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy ſtill, for you, in ſtore:
" With me the bitterneſs of death is o'er.

" He

* Here ſhe embraces them.

" He ſhot his ſting in *that* farewel-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory's complete:
" And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow:
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" ——Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generoſis."

HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to any particular perſon through all the characters; though ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh, as to engroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation; the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions; the good influence they have on his ſeverer ſtudies; that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors; and the poſſible good effect they may have on the public; or elſe he ſhould join to his politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But it is poſſible, that Satire may not do much good: men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others: It is much *to be feared*, that miſconduct will never be chaſed out of the world by Satire; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it, is, that miſconduct will *certainly* be never chaſed out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compoſitions. Ethics, Heathen and Chriſtian, and the Scriptures themſelves, are, in a great meaſure, a Satire on the weakneſs and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that Satire is in verſe too: nay, in the firſt Ages,

Philoſophy and Poetry were the ſame thing; wiſdom wore no other dreſs: ſo that, I hope, theſe Satires will be the more eaſily pardoned that misfortune by the ſevere. If they like not the faſhion, let them take them by the weight; for ſome weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, Hiſtorians themſelves may be conſidered as Satiriſts, and Satiriſts moſt ſevere; ſince ſuch are moſt human actions, that to *relate* is to expoſe them.

No man can converſe much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he muſt either be inſenſible, or grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. Some paſſion (if we are not impaſſive) muſt be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reaſonable and virtuous man. Now to ſmile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think moſt eligible; as it hurts ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice and folly the greateſt offence: and that for *this* reaſon; becauſe what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and eſteem; which truth is the ſubject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as ſeveral branches from the ſame root: an unity of deſign, which has not, I think, in a ſet of ſatires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world, will, in a great meaſure, eaſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reaſon; whatever ſome may teach: For to reaſon we owe our paſſions: had we not reaſon,

we

we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs: and the *Cauſe* ſeems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, Laughing Satire bids the faireſt for ſucceſs: the world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious tutor; and when an Author is in a paſſion, the laugh, generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the beſt maſter: he appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from judgment, not from paſſion. Juvenal is ever in a paſſion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The laſt of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the ſixth Satire (where the occaſion moſt required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined *both* the Roman Satiriſts with great ſucceſs; but has too much of Juvenal in his very ſerious Satire on Woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's cloſeneſs, or, as he calls it, *preſſneſs*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault ſhould be imputed to him.

There are ſome proſe Satiriſts of the greateſt delicacy and wit; the laſt of which can never, or ſhould never, ſucceed

ſucceed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf; which are bad advocates for reputation and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jeſt; but the genius and the ſcholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converſe with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taſte, as judges of compoſition: Nature has wiſely formed us with an averſion to it; and he that ſucceeds in ſpight of it is, * "aliena "venia, quam ſua providentia tutior."

Such wits, like falſe oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), ſhould ſet up for reputation among the *weak*, in ſome Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the *wiſe* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal ſucceſs: for though ambiguities are the *firſt* excellence of an impoſtor, they are the *laſt* of a wit.

Some ſatirical wits and humourifts, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which

* Val. Max.

which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence; and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a Wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love; one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, ſays he, is the ſon of the goddeſs Poverty, and the god of Riches: he has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: from his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That Poetry, like Love, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her ſatirical *quiver*; and, laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However,

However, this is not *neceſſity*, but *choice*: were Wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much more of the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch an age as this, which ſhews a due paſſion for her charms.

SATIRE

SATIRE I.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

" ——Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
" Virtutis." JUV. Sat. x.

MY verſe is Satire; Dorſet, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muſe you cannot *fear*.
To poets ſacred is a Dorſet's name:
Their wonted paſſport through the gates of fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Inſtructive Satire, true to virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining *ſupplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's ſkilful hand;
When the *Law* ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Claſſics quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's *grace* to *Wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue ſpent*,
And fly from *bailiffs into parliament*;

When

[illegible] out their ſcore,
[illegible] ſcavings of a *whore*;
[illegible] when themes like theſe increaſe,
[illegible] and Cenſure ceaſe?
[illegible] Law, turn wrong to right,
[illegible] wash an Æthiop white,
[illegible] wretch for nature's boaſt,
[illegible] ſhines, as *trophies* on a *poſt?*
[illegible] eloquence her colours ſpread,
[illegible] on the wealthy dead?
[illegible] ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
[illegible] with nothing—but their *praiſe?*
[illegible] Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
[illegible] that virtue, which he loves, complain?
[illegible] Dryden, Rocheſter, are dead,
[illegible] chief foe, in Addiſon, is fled;
[illegible] who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
[illegible] at the goal, while others run,
[illegible] not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)
[illegible] he will not write, and Mævius will.
[illegible] diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find,
[illegible] daring, and ſeverely kind,
[illegible] courtly * Roman's ſhining path to tread,
[illegible] ſharply *ſmile* prevailing folly dead?
[illegible] no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
[illegible] ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
[illegible] vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe?*

The

* Horace.

The *Love of Praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows, in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.
What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They 'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wiſhful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy ſign,
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.

If at his title T——— had dropt his quill,
T——— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T——— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious ſome a claſſic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While A's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *reſtor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *glaſs* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond coſt a man ſo *dear?*
Polite diſeaſes make ſome ideots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is 't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.
This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.

By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Though for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.

Begin. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He ſtands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his father's from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.

To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, though deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *boneſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.
They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the Muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that Briſtol ſtone.
Mean ſons of earth, who, on a South-ſea tide
Of full ſucceſs, ſwam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purſe of gold at Anſtis' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which *curb* not evils, *cauſe!*
And a rich knave 's a *libel* on our *laws*.
Belus with ſolid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;
But *builds* himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate!
In coſt and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
And, Burlington, thy taſte is not ſo true.
The pile is finiſh'd; every toil is paſt;
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When, lo! my lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to *ſtrangers* and to *duns*.

The

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly feat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies Pygmalion's flame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his theme:
Not Fountaine's ſelf more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, ſirs, he cries; I'll ſooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for Engliſh bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *buſto's* laugh:
His daughter ſtarves; but * Cleopatra 's ſafe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate,
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you 're *curious*, when we ſwear you 're *mad*.
By your revenue meaſure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*.
No man is bleſs'd by *accident* or *gueſs*;
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*:
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage;
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.
But how, my Muſe, canſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.

* *A famous ſtatue.*

"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *diſgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their raviſh'd ſight:
Some lords it bids *reſign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moſes', into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown; and boaſt,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
The boaſt of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *deſert* was underſtood:
And all the fortunate were *wiſe* and *good*.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dreſt by * Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* ſuit and *public* face:
Their ſmiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What

* A famous taylor.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conſcious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! aſſembly! maſk! and play!
Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that ſaunter of the town!
Call it *diverſion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *ſtoic*-like, ſupport,
Without one ſigh, the *pleaſures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wiſe* and *good*,
But ſcorn of pomp, and love of ſolitude.
High ſtations *tumult*, but not *bliſs*, create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a ſting,
Which makes a ſwain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and ſhow;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene;
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
No well-bred hate, or ſervile grandeur, *there*:
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt;
The *ſenſe* is raviſh'd, and the *ſoul* is bleſt;
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſpering rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure, blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing-room*.
The *Squire* is *proud* to ſee his courſers ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd *beagles ſweep along* the plain.

SATIRE II.

MY Muſe, proceed, and reach they deſtin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage:
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd.
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Though hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *ſylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make † Paul Diack riſe.

* This *refers to the firſt Satire.* † The name of a tulip.

Say, dear Hi
Whose eruditi
Whose mistre
And friend re
When thy sleek
And Ringwood
Is that *thy* prai
Just Ringwood
Nor envies, wh
And shake the
When you the
And then ask
Here breathe
Ten thousand
Fewer lay-athe
Fewer great b
Ladies, whose
Cits, who pr
Fewer grave lo
And fewer
Is there a
Who hills the
At Bath, to
And sweetly
Is there a
That runs
Is there, whe

A ſhort-liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy Books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonſon, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end deſign'd,
Study 's the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*.
If ſo, ſure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the *guardians of the fair*.

Not

Nor in his antient *scenes* alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown.
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a sage, who *sees* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour*! and the finest *taste*!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he 'll learn to *use*, not *waste*, his sense;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you 'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jeſter*, when the joke 's *unkind*.
Since Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
If that a *juſt* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave?*
For all but ſuch with caution I forebore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No maſk ſo good, but Marcus muſt ſhine through:
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
Their *peeviſh* reaſon; *vain* of being dull;

When

* Letters ſent to the author, ſigned Marcus.

When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
Through ſpleen, that *little* nature gave, make *leſs*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *beavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take;
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"*He's a wit*."
Poor *negroes*, thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To cacodemons, ſay, they 're *deviliſh white*.
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief!* one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*;
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby ſon;
And by Heaven's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *liſp*; another, *not* to ſee:
Miſs D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe, what nature gave, diſown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;

What

What nature has deny'd, fools will purſue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.
Craſſus, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.
Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace:
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
What 's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity 's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *ſkreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.
Hence, Cheſterfield, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With

tive meaſures, brought from France, he wheels,
triumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.
have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
lf of genius, debonnair and gay,
e on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.
oroſe is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd
nen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
iblunary chance his veſtments fear;
:d, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
m'd ſurtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe;
lay his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
)pen force was vain; by night ſhe went,
while he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling *rent*:
'e yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
id glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut out *."
ſcorns Florello, and Florello him;
hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
methods various, but alike their aim;
loven and the *ſopling* are the ſame.
whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
i party-rage too warmly you purſue;
both club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride,
olly joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
rent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
h at the mimic monkey *in the glaſs*;

* *Milton.*

While

SATIRE III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee;
Grant him *two* favours, and he 'll aſk for *three*:
For whoſe the preſent glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who *run in debt* for their *diſgrace*;

Since his great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte:
The genius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *jaiſon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feaſt*;
And to a kind *digeſtion* ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare*;

Who h
And da
We bri
New ca
Late fi
And f
" Y
And
Sh
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools*, to ſtock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow.
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
'Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welſh deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *theſe*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houſes* ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *ſwears*;
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady 's *kind*.

To ſhew the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;

Makes his approach in modesty's [illegible],
To win applause; and takes it by [illegible].
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, "he's exact in great."
My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."
"But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he must confess;
"But not [illegible] give our arms success."
"Ah! That is all hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
"All lay, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *tell* deceive in others, to be free,
It never, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.
Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor I, shall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign,
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
[illegible] sinful art, and application warm,
[illegible]e, *at last*, some *little place* by storm;

Enough

Enough to keep *two ſhoes* on Sunday clean,
And *ſtarve* upon diſcreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer:
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come:
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that 's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bleſs* by chance.
If *merit* ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue ſhe 's poſſeſt:
Philander! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
But, ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte!
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *ſecret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian muſic 's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their taſtes would leſſen, if the prices fell,
And Shakeſpeare's wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
Away the diſinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that Engliſh is their *mother* tongue.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] are gay;
[illegible] than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene.
The Legislature [illegible] with Drury-Lane
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
Are we not then allow'd to be polite?
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Earth, of *politeness* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, [illegible] can be [illegible] found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet [illegible] these latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd.
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids*.
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.
[illegible]t, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
[illegible]*fty churches* at a stand.

And

And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
  See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings!*
  Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths like these,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common-sense,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.
  How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face;

A beau-

A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and Virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*.
For men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE

SATIRE IV.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The Crown's aſſerter, and the People's friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
Thy ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
Chremes, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the State and Crown;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain 's thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:

But

While the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
The Grecian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *and* ſo well.
C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks ſo.; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they 're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.
Narciſſus the Tartarian *club* diſclaims;
Nay, a Free-maſon, with ſome terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the Church, or Play:
He makes no noiſe in Parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond belief,

Moſt

Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to th' *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narciſſus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.
To counterpoiſe this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd*;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and Suſſex is the worſt of friends;
They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh, if you ſurprize them in the *right*;
If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Queenſberry is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that 's *out*.
His paſſion for abſurdity 's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;

Though wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than Sloane the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joſeph *never* wore!
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.
" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since that great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as *this*?" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to pleaſe?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *eſtate*:
Where-e'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;

For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
" Pelham 's magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame* 's unwholeſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat*:
Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit*.
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner* 's loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt*?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat*?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you ſing, though uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſcence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, although the poet 's *dead*.
All other trades *demand*, verſe-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* faſhion,
Expoſes *borrow'd brats* to *move compaſſion*.

From reſcued candles' ends, who rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardleſs* miſer! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Caſtalio dies;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He 'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull ſheriff* for his *golden chain*.
"Who 'd be a ſlave?" the galliant Colonel cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes:
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right—
Juſt is his title—for he will not *fight*:
All ſoldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain;
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet *revenge*, and *half abſolves* his ſword.
Of *boaſting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *ſoldier* ſhould be modeſt as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy;
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as *they touch*, *deſtroy*:

Though such [illegible]
Nay [illegible]
"It [illegible] then a [illegible]
Proclaim the [illegible]
For some, th[illegible]
Who watch [illegible]
Who know [illegible]
Their dead[illegible]
Who serve [illegible]
My sole [illegible]
Argyll t[illegible]
And Do[illegible]
Pembrol[illegible]
And H[illegible]
But,
That [illegible]
How [illegible]
To gr[illegible]
Fam[illegible]
(O [illegible]
Thi[illegible]
He [illegible]
T[illegible]
W[illegible]
A[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

" O faireſt of creation! laſt and beſt
" Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd,
" Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd
" Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
" How art thou loſt!"— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you diſcern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *ſigh*.

The ſex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for ſuch a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair ——— ! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatirizing *theſe* is praiſing *thee*;
Who wouldſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;

Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the fated light:
As unreſerv'd, and beauteous, as the ſun,
Through every *ſign* of vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, Parks, coarſe feaſts in City-halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield ſcenes,
And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms,
Inſtallments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-ſhows, Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and, ſtill ſtranger!) Pews.

Clarinda's boſom burns, but burns for Fame;
And Love lies vanquiſh'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpenſes; *then*,
Like April ſuns, dives into clouds again:
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *oſtentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this:
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *ſpight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara reſembles Ætna crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows:
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,

She

She reads the *pſalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In — Cleopatra, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.
Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—"that her great-grandfather is dead."
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—*to bear*:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wiſe.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can ſay
"Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
"By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs!"
Through *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt *intimates* the lady's diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen Xantippe, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,

Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*:
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe?*
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate!
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy Fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *faticty* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;

A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.
The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong!
Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
Seſoſtris like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the Belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:

Of

Of each performance ſhe 's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe 's fair.*
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes.*
But hold, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care;
Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I 'm fair?
O no: ſee Stella; her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe,*
Nor is 't a ſanction for *impertinence.*
Sempronia lik'd her man; and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *threeſcore.*
The fatal ſequel I, through ſhame, forbear:
Of pride and *avarice* who can cure the fair?

Man's

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd, bring ſincere delights;
But fools create themſelves new appetites:
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
When *ſurfeit*, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
In *nature's* narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.
Lemira 's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes; but where 's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
"I 've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you 'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight Park is ſovereign for a *cold*:
"With *colics*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance?*
Though ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home:*
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill.*

Alas,

Alas, my heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
"Late ſitting-up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? "Becauſe 'twas *night*."
Did ſhe then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* ſhe rather choſe;
"Than be that *wretch* to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the *faſhionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body 's wiſe.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet Laura 's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs*.

* Lap-dog.

To

To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lily* and the *roſe*.
How gay *they* ſmile! Such bleſſings *nature* pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flowers, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſart trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such Fulvia's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
Where ſilver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.
Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we ſtray;
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.

O ſacred

well [illegible]

But ſhe dares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For ſuch is our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own*.

Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like *quickſilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poiſon in your veins?

As Flavia in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lyes;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprizing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
"What miracle, ſays Strephon, makes thee weep?
"Ah, barbarous man", ſhe cries, "how could you—
"*ſleep?*"

Men love a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte!*
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs, and our meat, away:

But

To——— turn; ſhe never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquiſh'd, and the *wiſe* are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glittering ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſevere;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, ſincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of *ſilks* and *china* ſhe 's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe *leads* the commonweal;
And if diſputes of *empire* riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes *her* nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their *dreſs?*
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *ſkies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious myſteries,
Reſolv'd the *church's* welfare to enſure,
And make her family a *fine-cure:*
The theme divine at *cards* ſhe 'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.

What angels would take be, who thus [illegible]
In theologies, could they *seem* to well
Tell why should not the fair her text purifie?
Can she more secently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be hard'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd it at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a sack text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*!
The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord, it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,

Which,

Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we caſt anew;
To ſome freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Miſtaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be won,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
And yet in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
And wit muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiſs)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps—that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconic* ſtile;

And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather *fees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe 'd rather *ſtarve*:
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate!
That Roſalinda can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent; and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where 's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to ſwear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.

But

But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady!* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *holy's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is, not to be well-bred.

That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
Till, naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where 's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.

If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that 's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you 'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*;
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

SATIRE

SATIRE VI.

ON

WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO

The Right Hon. the Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

" Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."

HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—" Germain."—
I know her not.—" Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then ſteal great names, to ſhield them from the town.
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid:
" Should *ſhe* refuſe to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in *her praiſe*.
" Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
" When ſuch the theme, 'twill eaſily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture ſee;
Nor hope from Zinck more juſtice than from me.

My

My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *ſide*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He 's *dear*, you *frugal*; chooſe my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To Church as conſtant as to Drury-lane.
She decently, *in form*, pays heaven its due;
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which *paſſes* for a *prayer*:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace, ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'tis to *ſpeak*;
Through dreadful *ſilence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himſelf, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *ſweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they 're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Druſa receives her viſitants in bed;
But, chaſte as ice, this Veſta, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny.
When from the ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs you *juſt* would *turn you*, while ſhe *ſhifts*.

Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there 's no *reſerve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *ſtarve*.

But

But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of ſpirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Ruſſian bear,"
Firſt *make your will*, and then *converſe* with her.
This lady glories in profuſe expence;
And thinks *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *ſome* delight;
To be more fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*;
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honeſt execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only ſhould *deteſt* her more.
Flavia is conſtant to her old gallant,
And generouſly ſupports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell, no lady ſo polite can bear.
She 's faithful, ſhe 's obſervant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.
Nor leaſt advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.
Amaſia hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe *is*, ſhe 'll not *appear* a ſaint:
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,

Some

* Shakeſpeare.

[illegible] the nymph not *over-good*—
[illegible] they be mistaken, if they should.
Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion 's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
[illegible] the man that 's worthy of their bed?
[illegible] reduce her pride before,
[illegible] be ravish'd at threescore.
[illegible] submits to venture in the dark;
[illegible] now is wanting—but her spark.
[illegible] thinks happiness consists in state;
[illegible] an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
[illegible] the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
[illegible] *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
[illegible] herself, if so compell'd by need,
[illegible] *content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.
If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
by too great accomplishments undone:

With

With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modeſty*:
Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
Leſbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain ſhe 's *proud* of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
Mira, endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign, but on her huſband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
" How charming this!"—The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and ſtrong:
At laſt he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more!
She tries a thouſand arts; but none ſucceed:
She 's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her huſband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
Anxious Melania riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.

His

His wounded ears complaints eternal fill.
As unkil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexplicable sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.
Arpasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so aukward! Things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.

Her

Her delicacy 's ſhock'd where-e'er ſhe goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heaven by its favour has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring?
Thou *ſhining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing;
Old-age *will* come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes;
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
Julia 's a manager; ſhe 's born for rule;
And knows her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool*;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But, if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her *own* breakfaſt ſhe 'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign;
By nature born to *ſooth*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a ſhare of folly lies:
Why will they be ſo *weak*, as to be *wiſe*?

Syrena

Syrena is for ever in extremes.
And *with a vengeance* ſhe commends, or blames,
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her *judgment* juſt, her *ſentence* is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe 's right, ſhe 's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta 's wiſe in actions, great, and rare;
But ſcorns on *trifles* to beſtow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Becauſe th' occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfaſt with Alicia, there you 'll ſee,
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree:
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs, is aſide.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Beſs's maidens might be miſt;
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the firſt *toaſt*, for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *trapes* in town?

Women

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.
Fair Iſabella is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe 'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt?* The virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches, whom, in ſecret, we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rivals rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all:*
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.

You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriſt *cit*;
And quite as much deteſted as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
That happineſs which great-ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye!*
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;

[illegible] their glory told,
[illegible] impotence of gold.
[illegible] great [illegible] and touch'd with warmth [illegible].
[illegible] and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
[illegible] they repute a load;
[illegible] till well bestow'd.
[illegible] of public happiness,
[illegible] streams diffusively they bless;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But Satire is my task; and these destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, Germain:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
What picture 's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame?
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:

How

How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *becatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend the more to mortal taſte;
Scandal 's the ſweetner of a *female* feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's noſe the lye?
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the Britiſh queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our iſle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er Law and Goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look moſt meek!
What thunders burſting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *paſſions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reaſon* is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a *ſpouſe* to them?
What ſwarms of amorous *grandmothers* I ſee!
And miſſes, *antient* in iniquity!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming!
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, ſuch profuſe expence;
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times;
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe;
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws;

Such

Such diſſolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *bell*;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſten leſs to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare; ſince nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with ſhame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave;
Through cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my Muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.
Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.

[illegible]

[illegible] 435

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] deſtroy,

[illegible] 440

[illegible]

[illegible] he be good?

[illegible] ſuppoſe,—

[illegible]

[illegible] 445

[illegible]

" [illegible] Origen.

" [illegible]

" Poor Sata[illegible] 450

" Let prieſts [illegible]

" It is their [illegible]

" Let them [illegible] the knack,

" And dreſs [illegible]

" Fright [illegible] 455

" From [illegible]

" Or earth's [illegible]

" [illegible]

" [illegible]

" [illegible] 460

Thus pleads [illegible]

eading, [illegible]

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what 's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that 's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep;
They sleep no more! Quadrille has * murder'd sleep.
"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.
Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good;

Kills

* Shakespeare.

Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay *fop* to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that *daughter's* deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but laſt night—my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd,
'Twas firſt a *vain-devotion* to the *mode*;
Nor ceaſe we *here*, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid, in honour of our times,
That none now ſtand *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide:
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride:
Ye fair apoſtates from love's antient power!
Can nothing *raviſh*, but a *golden ſhower?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize;
Muſt Cupid learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe?*
When you 're enamour'd of a *liſt* or *caſt*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaſte?*
Why muſt ſtrong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman diſengag'd—from play.
Why pine the *marry'd?*—O ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd—*eſtate*.
Flavia, at lovers falſe, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor

Nor Arria's Bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page.
While *death* ſtands by, but till the game is done,
To ſweep *that ſtake*, in juſtice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur, ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inſpire the Fair;
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave us from deſpair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, *tradeſmen*, cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in *proſe*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you 'll proceed:
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow 's very odd."
When *you* chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I 've a charm your anger ſhall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the *vole*.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That burſts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your ſight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midſt empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art!*
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhown, or generous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, *induſtrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* luſtre drew.

Thus

is * the majeſtic mother of mankind,
: own charms moſt amiably blind,
: green margin innocently ſtood,
az'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood;
'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

* Milton.

SATIRE

SATIRE VII.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

" Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipſe, canemus."
VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inſpire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where Brunſwick's glory crowns the whole deſign?
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd, to ſee
This flood of Britiſh folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murdering ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my Muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder phrenzy chuſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his *pride*,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a God!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted *countries!* and what crimſon *ſeas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſterous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *ſtorm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.

O great

O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *peſtilence*, to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thouſands*, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A *nation* cruſh'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *human chaos*, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!
How guilty theſe! Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way:
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle *nature*, and ſubſiſt on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"

Or,

Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe, my Muſe! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
How commentators each *dark* paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *ſun*.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
His ſins to Lucifer not half ſo dear.
How Verſus is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.
How lawyers fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport;
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.

This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer flies, ſhake off again,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſign; for Tonſon 's at the gate.
The love of Fame in its *effect* ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung; be now the *cauſe* diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe *laws* were fram'd, and ſacred *arts* were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the *patriot's* reſt;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breaſt;
It bids Argyll in fields and ſenate ſhine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming miniſter of *virtue* meant,
Set up falſe gods, and wrong'd her high deſcent.
Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate ſource;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcaſes of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is ſeen
How kind a pattern Pollio *might* have been.

Purſuit

Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into *coxcombs* burniſhes our *fools*;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride ſways the ſoul?
(For, though in all not equally, ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.
Ambition, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Siſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *ſhame*, by her laſt conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The God and mortal in the comic ſcene *.
Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

* Amphitryon.

No maſk in *baſeſt minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the *falſe* ſublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate;
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd?* Have thoſe high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *ſcandal* ſhould enſue.
Behold a Prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*:
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
eatly deferring his arrears of fame,
ll men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the Rhone and ſounding Po; there ſhine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In Brunſwick ſuch a ſource the Muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.
Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus, *nature's ſelf*, ſupporting *man's* decree,
Stiles Britain's ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great Brunſwick! ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd by fear
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus ſlept not at the helm;

* The king in danger by ſea.

His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every ſtar for Brunſwick's ſake:
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſt,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raiſe, or huſh, the *civil* ſtorm.

OCEAN;

O C E A N;

A N O D E.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY's ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING;

AND

A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK Myſelf obliged to recommend to you a conſideration of the greateſt importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great happineſs, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could ſee the foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a work, as the increaſe and encouragement of our ſeamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country, as oft as occaſion ſhall require it: A conſideration worthy the repreſentatives of a people great and flouriſhing in trade and navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the caſe of Greenwich Hoſpital, that care may be taken, by ſome addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable proviſion for the ſupport and maintenance of our ſeamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the ſervice of their country. [Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

TO

THE KING.

I.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly-Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet ſings;
To Kings and Gods the Muſe is dear;
The Muſe inſpires
With all her fires;
Begin, my ſoul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful ſtate,
From high debate,
From morning-ſplendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd,
From plans of bleſſings and renown;

IV. Great

IV.

Great Monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To Thee I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
With proud deſign
In verſe to ſhine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The Roman Ode
Majeſtic flow'd;
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong;
In ſenſe, and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a Northern Iſle;
Late Time ſhall know
The North can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

VII.

The work is done!
The diſtant ſun
His ſmile ſupplies! exalts my voice!
Through Earth's wide bound
Shall George reſound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our Fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my ſtrain,
To whom ſhould I addreſs my ſong?
To whom but Thee?
The boundleſs *Sea*,
And grateful Muſe, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail ſubject new!
As Britain's due
Reſerv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durſt Homer's Muſe,
Or Pindar's, chuſe
To pour the billows on his ſtring?
No, both defraud
The tuneful God;
Scarce more ſublime, when Jove they ſing.

XII. No

XII.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pauſe, and now freſh muſick ſpring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now ſweep,
And fetch the ſound from every ſtring.

XIV.

Now numbers riſe,
Like virgin's ſighs;
The ſoft Favonians melt away;
As from the North
Now ruſhes forth
A blaſt, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat;
At every ſtroke the work refines!

XVI. How

XVI.

How muſic charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life laſts,
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid ſhore;
We make, at leaſt,
Of *bad* the *beſt*,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we ſoar.

XX. Our

XX.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we lift to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

XXI.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
" Juſtice ſincere,
" And courage clear,
" Riſe the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

" How form'd for ſway!
" Who look, obey;
" They read the Monarch in his part.
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law;
" And his own luſtre makes the court;

XXIII.

" But ſhines ſupreme,
" Where heroes flame;
" In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
" By godlike arts
" Enthron'd in hearts,
" Our boſom-lord o'er wills preſides."

XXIV. Our

XXIV.

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's ſons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded proſpect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As ſteps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with eaſe, aſcend.

XXVI.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But Gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in Kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines, and ſhines *alone?*
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVIII. Our

XXVIII.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While intereſt wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence wealth, and ſtate,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect ſoever my own compoſition may be, yet am I willing to ſpeak a word or two, of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to ſhew that I have, at leaſt, ſome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myſelf poet enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for my ſucceſs in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as alſo the modeſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in ſpeaking of it I ſhall ſhew how it unavoidably comes to paſs, that *bad* Poets, that is, Poets in general, are eſteemed, and really *are*, the moſt vain, the moſt irritable, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly

" — Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus." VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *muſt*: and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how ſhort or improper ſoever, will be looked on fondly by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more than he promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no teſt, or ſtandard in his judgement, with which to chaſtiſe his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in Poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and becauſe more refined, therefore more difficult; and becauſe more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have ſaid, the ſource of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity conſequentially flows that great ſenſibility of diſreſpect, that quick reſentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every ſpark, and juſtly marks them out for the "genus irritabile" among mankind. And from this combuſtible temper, this ſerious anger for no very ſerious things, things looked on by moſt as foreign to the important points of life, as conſequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As ſoon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonſon's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" —Concordes animæ—dum nocte prementur;
" Heu! quantum inter ſe bellum, ſi lumina vitæ
" Attigerint, quantas acies, ſtragemque ciebunt!
" Qui Juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.
" Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.
" Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
" Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœleſtibus armis,
" Projice tela manu, ſanguis meus!
" Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipſe Typhœus
" Arduus, arma tenens; non te Meſſapus & Uſens,
" Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius." VIRG.

But

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be *modeſt*; becauſe to riſe up to that idea, which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhew us why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or leſs, have proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of Poetry, ſo it is more ſpiritous, and more remote from Proſe than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and moral; its numbers full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems; its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *ſome* compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an hum-

ble, tame, and vulgar Ode is the moſt pitiful error a pen can commit.

" Muſa dedit Fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum."

And as its ſubjects are ſublime, its writer's genius ſhould be ſo too; otherwiſe it becomes the meaneſt thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burleſque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the Ode, a little to ſtartle ſome apprehenſions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to miſtake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taſte in their judgments; and, like perſons of a tender ſight, they look on bright objects, in their natural luſtre, as too glaring; what is moſt delightful to a ſtronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Ariſtotle or Euclid, to ſome critics has appeared as mad; and muſt appear ſo to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine ſpirit. Dwarf-underſtandings, meaſuring others by their own ſtandard, are apt to think they ſee a monſter, when they ſee a man.

And indeed it ſeems to be the amends which nature makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not bleſſed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable miſtake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehenſions and reliſh.

Judgement, indeed, that maſculine power of the mind, in Ode, as in all compoſitions, ſhould bear the ſupreme ſway; and a beautiful imagination, as its miſtreſs, ſhould be ſubdued to its dominion. Hence,

and

and hence only, can proceed the faireſt offspring of the human mind.

But then in Ode, there is this difference from other kinds of Poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful miſtreſs, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgement, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the leſs it is ſuſpected of it, it ſhews the more maſterly conduct, and deſerves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It muſt be very enterprizing; it muſt, in Shakeſpeare's ſtyle, have hair-breadth 'ſcapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deſerve the applauſe of the *real* judge, unleſs it renders itſelf obnoxious to the miſapprehenſions of the *contrary*.

Such is Caſimire's ſtrain among the moderns, whoſe lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might juſtly be much admired, if any thing more than the ſweetneſs of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the diſadvantages of a Northern proſe tranſlation, is ſtill admirable; and, Cowley ſays, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great Maſters of Lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's Muſe, like Sachariſſa, is a ſtately, imperious, and accompliſhed beauty; equally diſdaining the uſe of art, and the fear of any rival; ſo intoxicating

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I muſt add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no compoſition of this kind. Its chief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt happily to the variety of the occaſion. Thoſe by which he has choſen to expreſs Majeſty, (viz.)

Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

are choſen in the following Ode, becauſe the ſubject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewiſe, I choſe the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleaſure. Nor can I account for the pleaſure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the Writer muſt take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe, and expreſſion, as could be expected if he was free from that ſhackle. Otherwiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleaſure to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation to the Poet.

To ſum the whole: Ode ſhould be peculiar, but not ſtrained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which ſhould be moſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of ex-

preſſion, or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the Poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the beſt Imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all inconſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of Antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtleſs their example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The Antients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is, in its own nature, noble; moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion; and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the ſpirit of Ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Muſic alone, "ſometimes, makes an excellent Ode,"

"Verſus

" Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthuſiaſm, and picture, which are as the body, ſoul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope ſmaller faults will meet indulgence for the ſake of the deſign, which is the glory of my Country and my King.

And indeed, this may be ſaid, in general, that great ſubjects are above being nice; that dignity and ſpirit ever ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and that the minuter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great maſters of Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and juſtly; for a truly-maſculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

" Grandis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pondus."

PETRON.

A Poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere correction, may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We know it was Faber imus, that was ſuch an artiſt at a hair or a nail. And we know the cauſe was

" Quia ponere totum
" Neſcius." HOR.

To cloſe; If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I muſt own; that thoſe who have ſtrength of mind ſufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *ſeverer* ſtudies, I deſpair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and ſtrengthened by variety; and he that ſometimes is ſporting with his pen, is only taking the moſt effectual means

means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of Hiſtory; from which I could cite very celebrated inſtances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I ſhould condemn myſelf, who am ſo little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN;

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

" Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their
" hands." PSAL. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſtening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling ſeas
Dance on, in meaſure, to the ſhore.

III. Who

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh'd in peace
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſeas!
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, center-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the towering wave!

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syren's ſweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure, or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
How dreadful, when the billows riſe.

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air.

XI. When

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore.
The tempeſts riſe,
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains
"Ah! cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous paſſions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end ſo great,
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the *main*,
Which towering roſe
With George to cloſe,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a gratid deſign;
That voice ſhall rear
Yon * *fabrick fair*,
As Nature's roſe at the *divine*.

* Greenwich.

XXXV.

When nature ſprung,
Bleſt angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly,
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſterous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates unfold

XXXVII.

So ſleeps the grain,
In foſtering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove deſcend;
Then burſts the root!
The verdures ſhoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempeſt ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing ſhadows o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſtening youth, to martial rage.

XL.

The ſtory done,
Their ſetting ſun,
Serenely ſmiling down the Weſt,
In ſoft decay,
They drop away;
And Honour leads them to their reſt.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
And falſely gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

XLII.

What charms us moſt,
Our joy, our boaſt,
Familiar, loſes all its gloſs;
And gold refin'd
The fated mind
Faſtidious turns to perfect droſs.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The panting mariner regains,
What tranſport flows
From bare repoſe!
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding ſheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy ſo proud,
Our ſhout ſo loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And ſee, they rouze!
Their awful brows,
Deep-ſcar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

XLVII. With

XLVII.

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full-blaſted, tell
That all your watery realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLVIII.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven beſpoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

L.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſts fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And Britain's pleaſure ſpeaks aloud.

LV.

For who can gaze
On reſtleſs ſeas,
Unſtruck with life's more reſtleſs ſtate?
Where all are toſs'd,
And moſt are loſt
By tides of paſſion, blaſts of fate?

LVI.

The world 's the main,
How vext! how vain!
Ambition ſwells, and Anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiſeleſs ſhore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public ſcene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me to deſpiſe!
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience riſe;

LVIII.

All tender ſenſe
Is baniſh'd thence,
All maiden nature's firſt alarms;
What ſhock'd before
Diſguſts no more,
And what diſguſted has its charms.

LIX. In

LIX.

In landſkips green
True Bliſs is ſeen,
With Innocence, in ſhades, ſhe ſports;
In wealthy towns
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow ſmiles in courts.

LX.

Theſe ſcenes untry'd
Sedue'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breaſt;
Till Wiſdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleaſure was in reſt.

LXI.

" O may I ſteal
" Along the vale
" Of humble life, ſecure from foes!
" My friend ſincere!
" My judgement clear!
" And gentle buſineſs my repoſe!

LXII.

" My mind be ſtrong
" To combat wrong!
" Grateful, O King! for favours ſhown!
" Soft to complain
" For others' pain!
" And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

" (When Fortune's kind)
" Acute to find,
" And warm to reliſh every boon!
" And wiſe to ſtill
" Fantaſtic ill,
" Whoſe frightful ſpectres ſtalk at noon!

LXIV.

" No fruitleſs toils!
" No brainleſs broils!
" Each moment level'd at the mark!
" Our day ſo ſhort
" Invites to ſport;
" Be ſad and ſolemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

" Yet Prudence ſtill
" Rein thou my will!
" What 's moſt important, make moſt dear!
" For 'tis in this,
" Reſides true bliſs;
" True bliſs, a deity ſevere!

LXVI.

" When temper leans
" To gayer ſcenes,
" And ſerious life void moments ſpares,
" The ſylvan chace
" My ſinews brace!
" Or ſong unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII. " Nor

LXVII.

" Nor ſhun, my ſoul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, ſpirit, flow!
" Ingredients theſe,
" Above, to pleaſe
" The laughing gods, the wiſe, below.

LXVIII.

" Though rich the vine,
" More wit, than wine,
" More ſenſe, than wit, good-will than art,
" May I provide!
" Fair Truth, my pride!
" My joy, the converſe of the heart!

LXIX.

" The gloomy brow,
" The broken vow,
" To diſtant climes, ye gods! remove!
" The nobly-ſoul'd
" Their commerce hold
" With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

" O glorious aim!
" O wealth ſupreme!
" Divine Benevolence of ſoul!
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one bleſſing graſps the whole!

LXXI. " Prophetic

LXXI.

" Prophetic ſchemes,
" And golden dreams,
" May I, unſanguine, caſt away!
" Have, what I have!
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the preſent day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own!
" My faults unknown!
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then, leave one beam
" Of honeſt fame!
" And ſcorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

" Unhurt my urn!
" Till that great turn
" When mighty Nature's ſelf ſhall die.
" Time ceaſe to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A PARA-

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,

LORD HIGH-CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN, ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your Lordſhip, I preſume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themſelves in poſſeſſion of, as being the only method they have of making their way to perſons of your Lordſhip's high ſtation without ſtruggling through multitudes for acceſs. I may poſſibly fail in my reſpect to your Lordſhip, even while I endeavour to ſhew it moſt; but if I err, it is becauſe I imagined I ought not to make my firſt approach to one of your Lordſhip's exalted character with leſs ceremony than that of a Dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to ſuffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjuſt, that your Lordſhip ſhould hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you poſſeſs all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occaſion to celebrate thoſe ſublime qualities, of which a whole nation is ſenſible, were it not inconſiſtent with the deſign of my preſent application. By the juſt diſcharge of your great employments, your Lordſhip may well deſerve the prayers

of the diſtreſſed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your Royal Maſter: this indeed is a reaſon why every good Briton ſhould applaud your Lordſhip; but it is equally a reaſon why none ſhould diſturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works of fancy and amuſement. I was therefore induced to make this addreſs to your Lordſhip, by conſidering you rather in the amiable light of a perſon diſtinguiſhed for a refined taſte of the polite arts, and the candour that uſually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatneſs and ſolemnity of the ſubjects treated of in the following Work cannot fail in ſome meaſure to recommend it to a perſon who holds in the utmoſt veneration thoſe ſacred books from which it is taken; and would at the ſame time juſtify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be aſſured that the undertaking had not ſuffered in my hands. Thus much I think myſelf obliged to ſay, that if this little Performance had not been very indulgently ſpoken of by ſome, whoſe judgment is univerſally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your Lordſhip: I am ſenſible that I am endeavouring to excuſe one vanity by another; but I hope I ſhall meet with pardon for it, ſince it is viſibly intended to ſhew the great ſubmiſſion and reſpect with which I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

A
PARAPHRASE
ON PART OF
THE BOOK OF JOB.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change ſo ſad what mortal here could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſeven long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent;
A debt of reverence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then JOB contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.

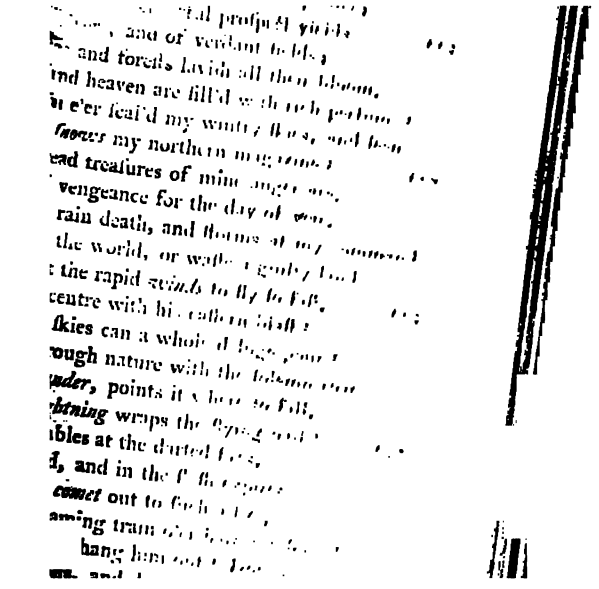
His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:
A pauſe enſued.—When, lo! heaven interpos'd,
And awefully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurprize,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled!) from the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke:
Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didſt Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious *earth?*

Who

Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, hast Thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
  Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, heard my great decree;
"Thus far, thy floating tide shall be conveyed;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."
  Hast Thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters roaring o'er thy head?
  Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst Thou e'er see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?

Deep are thoſe ſhades; but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light?* In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkneſs* made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou waſt by,
And into Being roſe beneath thine eye!
Are *miſts* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can boaſt,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *froſt?*
Whoſe powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?
A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt Me not; thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt Thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt Thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow;
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who, in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſ[illegible] alone.

To



Canſt Thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain;
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt Thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich powers inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, Chaldæan Sire, was thy ſurprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart and down-caſt eyes:
" Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
" My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
" And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt Thou thunder with a voice like Mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and mayſt undaunted ſtand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What worlds haſt Thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the ſtupid Oſtrich has ſubdued
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky:

Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.

How rich the Peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the Hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Though ſtrong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly,
An Eagle drops her in a lower ſky;
An Eagle, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift,
So high in air, and ſet her on the clift,
Where far above *thy* world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey?
She feaſts her young with blood; and, hovering o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.

Know'ſt

Know'ſt Thou how many moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and fearful Hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.

Will th' tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.

Didſt thou from ſervice the Wild-Aſs diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the ſervile rein.

Survey the warlike Horſe! didſt Thou inveſt
With thunder his robuſt diſtended cheſt?

No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart, advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly Lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.

Now

Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic and his armed jaw
Give the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire,
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;

In

Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
Aud, marſhal'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows!
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.

Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.

In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;

His

His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His paſtimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.

His *like* earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes every ſwoln, diſdainful heart, ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.

Then the Chaldæan eas'd his labouring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.

"Thou canſt accompliſh All things, Lord of Might:
"And every thought is naked to Thy ſight.
"But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
"Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
"Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Power;
"But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful hour.
"O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
"Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to Thee.
"Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt Thine anger more:
"Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

NOTES

NOTES ON THE PARAPHRASE.

Book of Job.] It is diſputed amongſt the critics who was the Author of the Book of Job; ſome give it to Moſes, ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurred to me which favour the former of thoſe opinions; and becauſe I do not find them mentioned by any one elſe, I have flung them into the following notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

Ver. 1.] The Almighty's ſpeech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt and moſt antient Poem in the world. Biſhop Patrick ſays, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſhed part of the Poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and ſubſequent parts of the Poem, and joined them to it; ſo that this Piece is a ſort of an epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I uſe the word *paraphraſe*, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and tranſpoſed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *ſun*, and other parts, are entirely added: thoſe upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regula-

rity. The judicious, if they compare this Piece with the original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons for the great liberties I have indulged myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems, indeed, the proper ſtyle of majeſty incenſed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf, does from a common execution; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him, in effect, paſs ſentence on himſelf.

Ver. 41.] The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after-practice of the Greek Stage, when there happened "dignus vindice nodus") is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any ſince. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. c. xix. Ezek. c. i. &c. Hence is he ſaid to "dwell in thick darkneſs: and "have his way in the whirlwind."

Ver. 69.] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming,

foaming, but by the rule and direction of its maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of "Let there "be light," &c. ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moſes is author of the Book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moſes was the author is, that moſt of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κεκράσσω, à κράξ, Ælian. l. ii. c. 48. is "to aſk earneſtly." And ſince there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity: let two ſuffice. *Firſt*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight:

"Stat lumine clauſo
"Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
"Quæ non ipſa videt." CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an Oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabulus had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve, that our judicious as well as ſublime author juſt touches the great points of diſtinc-

tion in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A *likeneſs* is loſt in too much deſcription, as a *meaning* often in too much illuſtration.

Ver. 205.] Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

" Vaſta velut Libyæ venantûm vocibus ales
" Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
" Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
" Pulverulenta volat." CLAUD. in Eutr.

Ver. 206.] Xenophon ſays, Cyrus had horſes that could overtake the goat and the wild aſs; but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

Ver. 207.] Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun is true: " Expandit colores adverſo maximè ſole, " quia ſic fulgentius radiant." PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

Ver. 219.] Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow *abovementioned*, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that, when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this queſtion is. Knoweſt thou the *time* and *circumſtances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's Providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called Seſelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. Pſ. xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtyle our author a Naturaliſt.

Ver. 259.] The deſcription of the horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the *Guardian*. I ſhall therefore only obſerve that in this deſcription, as in other parts of this ſpeech, our *vulgar tranſlation* has much more ſpirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the moſt poetic and exalted ſenſe, ſo that moſt commentators, even on the Hebrew itſelf, fall beneath it.

Ver. 289.] Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion. Pſ. cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which ſignifies "the hunter by "moonſhine."

Ver. 332.] "Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuetos
"anhelam
"Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto."
STAT. Theb. v. 349.
"Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
"Flumina, &c." CLAUD. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, though ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

Ver. 323.] The taking of the crocodile is moſt difficult. Diodorus ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Auguſtus conquered Egypt, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, "Nemo "antea religavit."

Ver. 339.] This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when ſated with fiſh, to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

Ver. 353.] The crocodile's mouth is exceedingly wide. When he gapes, ſays Pliny, "ſit totum os." Martial ſays to his old woman,

"Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora
"Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta;"

ſo that the expreſſion here is barely juſt.

Ver.

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him:

"Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem."

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Ver. 377.] "His eyes are like the eye-lids "of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator, I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are Egyptian; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo, they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures pro-

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a Perſon that he might draw it more naturally *.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

* Though the report was propagated without the leaſt truth, it may be ſufficient ground to juſtify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS, A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.
Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene! What then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:

To

To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe,
From ſuch a ſource!—An emperor's embrace!
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and, what is worſe,
He well *deſerv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curſe;
Unpity'd, ſcorn'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vaſſal's power:
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling ſhares his fate:
His throne forgot! His weeping country chain'd!
And nations aſk—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime purſue,
So public bleſſings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, ſhout—auſpicious fortune bleſs!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to ſucceſs!*

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boaſts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble ſhall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons, and as ſoldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntleſs, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his ſoul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inſpires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honeſt man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deſerves the greateſt.
An example
Which ſhone through all the clouds of fortune,
Induſtrious in low eſtate,
The leſſon and reproach of thoſe above him.
To lay this little ſtone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The poliſh'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

A LETTER

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

OCCASIONED

BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

" —Tu nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Fair Iſis' ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
Loſt from her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to ſing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the Muſes' mournful choir:
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth; nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers ſings.
All read tranſported his pure claſſic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The State, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own.
Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the bloom of the soundest sense:
Yet few, now few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The sight amusement of a leisure hour;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:
* This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With

* Lord Sommers procured a pension for Mr. Addison, which enabled him to prosecute his Travels. R.

With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave,
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
  Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wondering gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd,
To ſee her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul;
In like ſurprize was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.
  Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
  He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
  On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.
  Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpriz'd, her fruitful branches ſee;

One let me join, all other may excel,
" How could a mortal eſſence think ſo well?"
But why ſo large in the Great Writer's praiſe?
More lofty ſubjects ſhould my numbers raiſe;
In him (illuſtrious rivalry!) contend
The ſtateſman, patriot, chriſtian, and the friend!
His glory ſuch, it borders on diſgrace
To ſay he ſung the beſt of human race.
In joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
Thou farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
And, as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man,
Thy life ſhall ſecond what thy Muſe began.
Though ſweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
Is ſtain'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe.
But haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
The noble work well truſted to thy care,
* The gift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
To Craggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The ſcatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
In life diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleaſure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.

What

* The publication of his Works.

What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal ſuſpend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Thoſe cares ſuſpended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country ſhown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addiſon.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM,

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than power.
Great things are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
Though ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong,
Which peradventure may puſh by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counſels leſs mature:
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine abſent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis power's ſupreme prerogative to ſtamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem
The ſtream that ſweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.

Far

Far as thou may'st give life to virtue's cause,
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands.
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.
Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn;
No power is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman but would shew his power?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious followers; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,

Than

Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
Yon' ſavage mountaneers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
And break to reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though ſome ſeem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and intereſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, towering ſtands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
The rival intereſts and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimeſt theme; and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!),
Thus every ſtateſman thought that ever—*dy'd*.
There's inſpiration in a ſable hour,
And death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,

His

His gaſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Affiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more,
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt right to judge; then chuſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.—
Theſe, theſe are politicks will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politics their maſters ſting,
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politics will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſwell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Cloſe-leagued with an invincible ally,
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink
All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace,
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's ſuperior ſong.

Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!—there 's noble magic in the ſound.
O what illuſtrious images ariſe!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
Ye ſcenes!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
Let me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulſe: the noble pulſe of war
Beats to that ancient meaſure, that grand march,
Which then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes ſlain.
No more our great fore-fathers ſtain our cheeks
With bluſhes; their renown our ſhame no more.
In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts Old Britain; croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword, and agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends,

With

With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
  Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix diſplay'd,
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content:
What modeſty!—ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe hearts from hell!
And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
  Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!

Nature's anointed empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
This ſmall iſle wide-realm'd, monarchs eye with awe!
Which ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our anceſtors' great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the continent, that world of ſlaves;
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard.
And dedicated, long, to liberty,
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith

Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly ſtamp,
And (rising both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd Maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accompliice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword,
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes?
Where are her foes moſt fatal? Bluſhing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a ſigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Would'ſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark,
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and every future ſtorm?
Give it that balaſt which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt:
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength;
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.

Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travel'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of heaven."
O Britain! often reſcued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace!
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow,
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,

Nay, what ſays Common Senſe, with common care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
" Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
" From politics, to build the public peace,
" The baſis is the manners of the land.
" When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
" But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
" With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
" The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
" The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
" Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
" Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil preſſes, but the pattern drives.

What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there Samſons that can burſt them all?
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none,
Whoſe pulſe beats virtues, and whoſe generous blood
Aids mental motives to puſh-on renown,
In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the conſecrated ſtream.
Some ſow good ſeeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some curſed tares, like Satan in the text:
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero * riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable from lower ſtill)
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the breaſt,
Through

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Through every generous breaſt where honour reigns,
Through every breaſt where honour claims a ſhare!
Yes, and through every breaſt of honour void!
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpriz'd?—Yet why ſurpriz'd?—
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,

In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the Sateſman's Creed.
Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,

The Christian Creed. [illegible]
And on the statesman [illegible]
This punctual [illegible]
With which [illegible]
[illegible] must believe;
[illegible] in guilt,
[illegible] they exist,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] states compose,
[illegible] by the grave,
[illegible] proper hour
[illegible] deals
[illegible] persons, [illegible] were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern [illegible] of universal right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, [illegible] Reply'd. Reply'd by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True masters there are better scholars here.
Who trav'l history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Christians on their road:
ing for silver, they may strike on gold;

May

May be ſurpris'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
  Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What 's the next world? A ſupplement of this:
Without it, Juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.
  What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:

" Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man,
" Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own, and therefore will,
And praiſe and preach it too:—and when that 's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound?
But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inſpir'd),
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and ſacred, drown the Muſe,
Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening ſong.
Still farther, Holles! ſuffer me to plead
That I ſpeak freely, as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus what ſeem'd my preſumption is thy praiſe.
Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whoſe clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor ſhall the verſe, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every Britiſh breaſt, true glory riſe,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To cloſe, my Lord! with that which all ſhould cloſe
And all begin, and ſtrike us every hour,

Though

Though no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd.—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious after night's incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the firſt feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend)
Though the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the ſun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And diſtance here) ſhall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

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John Dickinson
1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIRST.

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MDCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF YOUNG.

VOLUME II.

THE

COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

AS the occaſion of this Poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; ſo the method purſued in it, was rather *impoſed*, by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind on that occaſion, than *meditated* or *deſigned*. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw ſhort morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort, and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reaſon of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* miſery,

At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt.
Though now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The *Day* too ſhort for my diſtreſs; and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine to the colour of my fate.
Night, ſable goddeſs! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſtening ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence and *Darkneſs!* ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurſe the tender thought!
To *Reaſon*, and on *Reaſon* build *Reſolve*,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame ſhall fall
A victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didſt put to flight
Primæval *Silence*, when the morning ſtars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O Thou, whoſe word from ſolid *darkneſs* ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;

My

My ſoul, which flies to Thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.
Through this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various ſcenes of *Life* and *Death*;
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell ſtrikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *ſignal* that demands diſpatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomleſs abyſs;
A dread eternity! how ſurely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder He, who made him ſuch!

Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From different natures marvelouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd *link* in Being's endleſs chain!
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt!
Though ſully'd and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wondering at her *own:* How reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life! or what deſtroy!
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe in proof:
While o'er my limbs *ſleep's* ſoft dominion ſpread,
What though my ſoul fantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or, down the craggy ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool;
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, though devious, ſpeaks her nature
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;

Active

Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companions fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul *immortal*:
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven huſbands all events;
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel diſtreſs? Are *Angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs let heavenly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.
This is the deſart, *this* the ſolitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the ſad *cypreſs* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty ſhades!
All, all on earth, is *Shadow*, all beyond
Is *Subſtance*; the reverſe is folly's *creed*:
How ſolid all, where change ſhall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule;
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of exiſtence free,
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,

The *future* embryo, ſlumbering in his ſire.
Embryos we muſt be, till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient azure ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of gods, O tranſport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celeſtial hopes without one ſigh.
Priſoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *ſeraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſtering glow,
In His full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years,
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At ought this ſcene can threaten or indulge,
Reſembles *ocean* into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this cenſure? It o'erwhelms myſelf;
How was my heart incruſted by the world!
O how ſelf-fetter'd was my groveling ſoul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In ſilken thought, which reptile *Fancy* ſpun,
Till darken'd *Reaſon* lay quite clouded o'er

With

With ſoft conceit of endleſs comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the ſkies!
Night-viſions may befriend (as ſung above);
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impoſſible! (Could ſleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave!
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till at death's toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *ſpider's* moſt attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
Full, above meaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliſs is bliſs.
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;

And rarely for the better; or the *beſt*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
Each *moment* has its fickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet *domeſtic* comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
  Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heaven!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
  Death! great proprietor of all! tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark ſo *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me*?
Inſatiate archer! could not *one* ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliſs! from *fortunes* ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! not *virtue* 's ſure,
Self-given, *ſolar* ray of ſound delight.

In

In every vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Through the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing *paſt*;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart *now*; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys; a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And every pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The *ſingle* man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* ſhape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs, of *pain*.
War, Famine, Peſt, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Inteſtine broils, *Oppreſſion*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
God's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,

In

And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.
A part how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a *waſte*,
Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire; where deep *troubles* toſs,
Loud *ſorrows* howl, invenom'd *paſſions* bite,
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals ſeize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for *myſelf?*
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *firſt*, *laſt* leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.
More generous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *ſecond* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *World!* thy much-indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?

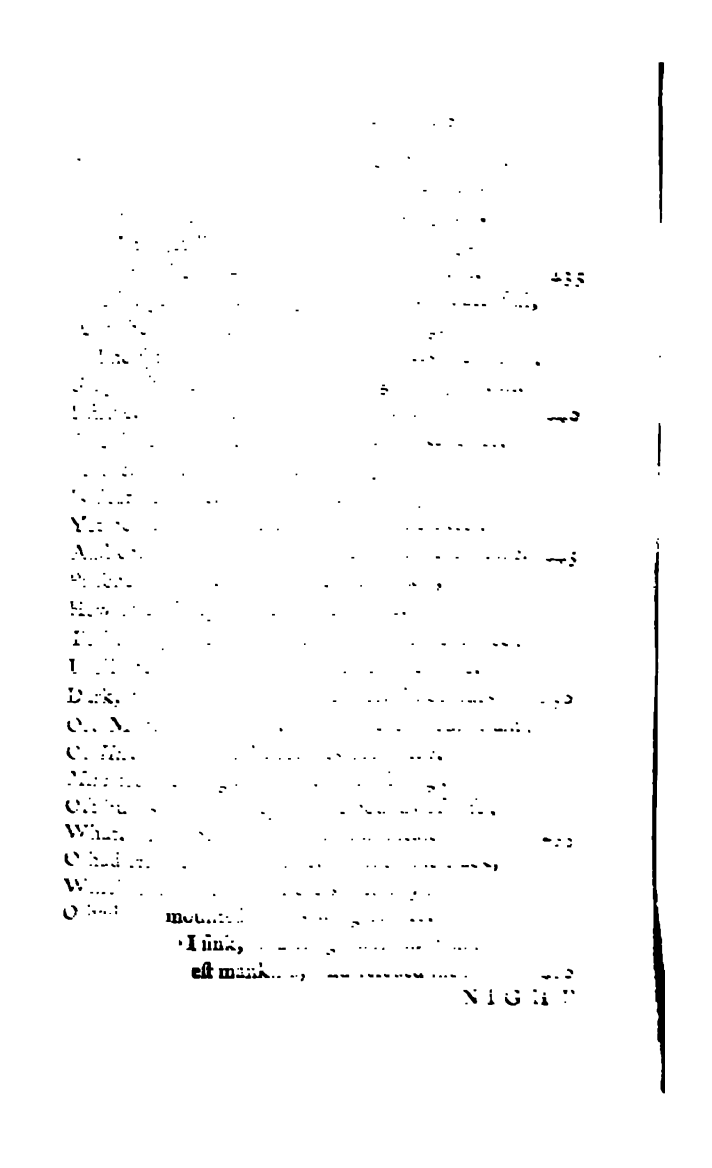
I know

Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an *immortal* baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſenchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician 's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! Thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition ſhun'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. *Death's* ſubtle ſeed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foreſight is *conditionally* wiſe;
Lorenzo! wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *preſent* moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There 's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not ev'n Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud:
Nor had he cauſe; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, though for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *ſlow ſudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurprize!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not This be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, *This* is ſtranger ſtill.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"

All

For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel: and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their *future* ſelves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wiſdom* they conſign;
The thing they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human *wiſdom* to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that through every ſtage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Unanxious for *ourſelves*; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *reſolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but Themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where, paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;



NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the Cock crew, he wept*"—ſmote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all: That power, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouſe ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born, is liſted; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.—On *other* themes I 'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's duſt. He *thus*, though dead,
May ſtill befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous price*,

[illegible] Philander's *final scene*.
[illegible] as might obtain
[illegible] heart quite disengag'd,
[illegible] delight me, half impress
On my dark [illegible] Iris, and from grief
[illegible] Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
[illegible] Says thy *life* the same?
[illegible] the dead, who lives is they desire.
[illegible] that avarice of Time,
[illegible] thought of death inspires,
[illegible] our gold?
[illegible] more sacred; [illegible] a load
[illegible] to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What [illegible] granted man without account?
[illegible] squandered, [illegible] debt unpaid!
[illegible] wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, [illegible] at the door,
Inhuman [illegible] should his strong hand arrest,
No composition [illegible] the prisoner free.
[illegible] unexorable chain
[illegible] claims the full arrear.
How late [illegible] how late
[illegible] for her but refuge in despair!
That [illegible] O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity*.
But all my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain.
[illegible] calls *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
[illegible], but for *moral* aid.

Thou

Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *Time*, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*Theſe* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon, to the ſoul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when medicines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands, and cities with their glittering ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
Will toys amuſe? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?—Its loſs we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?

We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their *Cauſe* and *Cure* explore.
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, boundleſs our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *Time* was given for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure: waſte, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heaven deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of *reſt*,
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.

Here

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil;
We puſh *Time* from us, and we wiſh him back;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *Nature*, *Origin*, *Importance*, *Speed*;
And thy great *Gain* from urging his career.—
All-ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—Time 's a god.

Haſt

Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end:
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor ſpin,
(As ſiſter lilies *might*) if not ſo wiſe
As Solomon, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; ſilky-ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivel'd o'er by ſenſe;
For rattles, and conceits of every caſt,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's *day*—ſay, ſages! ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!

How

How will you weather an *eternal* night,
Where such expedients fail?
O treacherous *Conscience!* while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *Man* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of ineffimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgement* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, *such* that *Sleeper* in thy breast!
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon?*

But

But why on *Time* ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And ſhall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
Sure *Vice* muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* deſtroy'd
Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is ſpilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—labours *more?*
And is there in creation what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns?—
Man ſleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whoſe fate,
Fate irreverſible, intire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
All elſe is in alarm! *Man*, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt.—Throw *Years* away?
Throw *Empires*, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize;
Heaven 's on their wing: A moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ſtand ſtill,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period paſt, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, *more* than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yeſterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardour ſuch, for what *oppreſſes* thee.

And

And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *Yeſterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the Rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder ſiſters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?
Where ſhall I find *Him?* Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, ſhed
Protection; now, are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *To-morrow!*
Whoſe *work is done*; who triumphs in the *Paſt*;
Whoſe *Yeſterdays* look backwards with a ſmile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! paſt hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like paſſion for eternals quencht;
All reliſh of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our deſire;

In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd;
Though we from *Earth*; *Inherent*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man,
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this, [illegible] world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night,
A night, that glooms us in the noon tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh, and whine
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd,
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at distance? No: He has been on thee,
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disimbogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;

A mo-

A moment, and the world is blown up *to thee*;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.
"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O recollect them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by success are taught to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Look then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a pass to future scenes?
Since, by *Life's* parting breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer's dust, we take our air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the skies!)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
'arning, far less than that of bosom torn

From

From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
Ere-while high-fluſht with inſolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Its ſilent language ſuch: nor need'ſt thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Doſt aſk, *How? Whence?* Belſhazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
That *ſolar ſhadow*, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: life ſpeeds away
From point to point, though ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; Gnomons, time:
As *theſe* are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet:
So *thoſe*, but when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,

'Tis later with the wiſe than he 's aware:
A Wilmington goes ſlower than the ſun:
And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's deſcent
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he 's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *This*, or ſimilar, Philander! thou
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
Beſt found, ſo fought; to the *Recluſe* more coy!
Thoughts diſentangle paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonſenſe for a ſong;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Paſſion* fires;
Chiming her ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
Know'ſt thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from Friendſhip, *Wiſdom* and *Delight*;

Twins

Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good Senſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been denyd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or droſs;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converſe* unſuſtain'd
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field:
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation's* ſpur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude;
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature's* fool, by *Wiſdom* is undone.
Wiſdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *Happineſs?*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts: it calls for *Two*;
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluckt by *One*.
Needful anxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heaven—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *Paſſion's* flame

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *Reaſon*; paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendſhip's* faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to hes noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old *Time* and *Death!*
From Friendſhip, thus, that flower of heavenly ſeed;
The wiſe extract earth's moſt Hyblean bliſs,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this Elyſian *flower?*
Abroad They find, who cheriſh it at *Home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies faſten on the *Great*,
None clings more obſtinate than fancy fond
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no leſs of ours, when *ſuch* the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.

Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)
I ſhew thee friendſhip Delicate, as Dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and *Diſtruſt*, deſtroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But ſince friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, deliberate with Thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not Eager in the choice,
Nor Jealous of the choſen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for Thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
"A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
So ſung He (angels hear that angel ſing!
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip 's the wine of life; but friendſhip *new*

(Not

(Not ſuch was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide;
All feculence of falſehood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling as they riſe!
Here Nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *loſt!*—Philander is no more.
Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt: it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,

Painim or *Chriſtian*; to the bluſh of wit.
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The *Death-bed* of the juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a Divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever *There*;
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
Dare I preſume, then? but Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, beneath
Aërial *Groves* impenetratable gloom;
Or, in ſome mighty *Ruin's* ſolemn ſhade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Duſt*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pauſe—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No: it is his ſhrine:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by This, deſpair your cure.
For, *Here*, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed 's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *diſſimulation* drops her maſque,
Through life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.

You

You ſee the *Man*; you ſee his hold on heaven;
If found his virtue; as Philander's, ſound.
Heaven waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſovereign power!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
" No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
" A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joy!
" A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
" A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opaque
" Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
" Strong *Reaſon's* ſhudder at the dark unknown!
" A ſun extinguiſht! a juſt-opening grave!
" And Oh! the laſt, laſt, what? (can words expreſs?
" Thought reach it?) the laſt—*Silence* of a friend!"
Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *ſingly* ſhock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.
Through nature's wreck, through vanquiſht agonies,
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for All.
Richer than *Mammon's* for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,

With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.
As ſome tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, Illuſtrious from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps, and darkneſs, drown the ſpacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
Philander, thus, auguſtly rears his head,
At that black hour, which general horror ſheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre, bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

" Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes."

VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reaſon*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude, to be Alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reaſon*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt Theſe, when Others moſt remote;
And All, ere long, ſhall be remote, *but* Theſe.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt;
To win thy wiſh, creation has no more.

Or if we wiſh a *fourth*, it is a Friend—
But friends, how mortal, dangerous the deſire!
Take Phœbus to yourſelves, ye baſking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling through the wilderneſs of joy;
Where *Senſe* runs ſavage, broke from *Reaſon's* chain,
And ſings falſe peace, till ſmother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong;
Unlike the deity my ſong invokes.
I to *Day's* ſoft-ey'd ſiſter pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to the *Muſe*.
Thou, who didſt lately borrow * Cynthia's form,
And modeſtly forego thine Own! O Thou,
Who didſt thyſelf, at midnight hours, inſpire!
Say, why not Cynthia patroneſs of ſong?
As thou her creſcent, ſhe thy character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare diſpute
This revolution in the world *inſpir'd?*
Ye train Pierian! to the *Lunar* ſphere,
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent call
For aid immortal; leſs her brother's right.
She, with the ſpheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchleſs ſtrain,
A ſtrain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Tranſmit it heard, thou ſilver queen of heaven!
What title, or what name, endears thee moſt?
Cynthia! Cyllené! Phœbe!—or doſt hear
With

* At the duke of Norfolk's maſquerade.

With higher guſt, fair Portland of the ſkies!
Is that the ſoft inchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The ſoul of ſong, and whiſper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are Thine) transfuſe it through the breaſt
Of thy firſt votary—But not thy laſt;
If, like thy *Nameſake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
A theme ſo like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
'Twas *Night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which ſmote me from Philander's tomb.
Narciſſa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluſter; rare are *ſolitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that ſtarted from my lids for Him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear,
Or ſhares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than cauſes, he confounds;
For human ſighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
And make diſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not leſs a bird of omen, than of prey.

It call'd Narciſſa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender ſoul, by break of bliſs,
From the firſt bloſſom, from the buds of joy;
Thoſe few our noxious fate unblaſted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmoniſt! and Beautiful as ſweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark),
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as All
We gueſs of heaven: and *theſe* were all her own.
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was!*—moſt bleſt—
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more ponderous, robb'd of life;
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier There;

Far lovelier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.

Soon as the luſtre languiſht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight;
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-bluſh (*mine* excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.

So

So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
By what his glowing paſſions can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold man! who temptſt the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taſte,
While *here*, preſuming on the rights of heaven.
For tranſport doſt thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence, be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at beſt; but, oft, a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn from her:—Thought repell'd
Reſenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy freſh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs complete!
And on a foreign ſhore; where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to Kindneſs, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; ſtrange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While *nature* melted, *ſuperſtition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* denied a grave.

Their

Their ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tiger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For, oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While *ſinful fleſh* relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
The *ſainted ſpirit* petrify'd the breaſt;
Deny'd the charity of duſt, to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What ſuccour? What reſource?
With pious ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended ſtep, and muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my laſt ſigh.
I *whiſper'd* what ſhould echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! How durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! Of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Stampt the curſt ſoil; and with humanity
(Denied Narciſſa) wiſh'd them all a grave.
Glows my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!

This heaven-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloath'd the ſun in gold.
When every paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontrol'd*,
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill-will;
Then, ſpleen to *duſt?* the duſt of innocence?
An angel's duſt?—This Lucifer tranſcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
For leſs than This is ſhocking in a race
Moſt *wretched*, but from ſtreams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, *loſt*,
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
Moſt horrid! 'Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretels the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire:

Ruin

Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign ſaves all beings, but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a *naked* human heart.
Fir'd is the Muſe? And let the Muſe be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: paſt ills, Narciſſa!
Are ſunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſh'd fate, and, cluſtering There
Thick as the locuſts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd?
An aſpic, Each! and All, an Hydra woe:
What ſtrong Herculean virtue could ſuffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *diſtinct* diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore;
They make Mankind the mourner; carry ſighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;

And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that hruſh'd Cimmerian vale,
Where *darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſh'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balſamic truths, and healing ſentiments,
Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's ſake, and for thy own,
My ſoul! "The fruits of dying friends ſurvey;
"Expoſe the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear ſubdue;
"And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
"A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb."
This harveſt reap from thy Narciſſa's grave.
As poets feign'd from Ajax' ſtreaming blood
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a mournful flower;
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound.
And *firſt*, of dying friends; what fruit from theſe?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chaſe our *thoughtleſſneſs*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws

Croſs

Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as *ſafe*, our port from every ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own deceaſe,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hovering ſhades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs;
Their poſthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senſeleſs, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Fruſtrate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome empire! let it reign,
That kind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
Its reign will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
And ſtill the tumults of thy ruffled breaſt:
Auſpicious æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death ſhall, like a god, inſpire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and wiſh of every hour?
And ſong of every joy? Surpriſing truth!

The beaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange.
To wave the numerous *ills* that ſeize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reſerve,
No maiden reliſhes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *preſent* chews the *paſt*;
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
Like laviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
Have diſinherited his future hours,
Which ſtarve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—ſhocking thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from ſhame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor ſee the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring ſtep
To tread our former footſteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To ſurfeit on the *ſame*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a miſery
For change, though ſad? To ſee what we have ſeen?
Hear, till unheard, the ſame old ſlabber'd tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a flatter year,
Through loaded veſſels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's waſted fruits!

Ill-ground,

Ill-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of exceſs!
Still-ſtreaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, leſt death ſhould ſnatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?
But ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure, and eſpouſe,
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worſe; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, *to them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene.
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* ſtate, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue—ſhe, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted ſhrew*;
And, what will more ſurprize, Lorenzo! gives
To life's ſick, nauſeous *iteration*, change;
And ſtraightens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'ſt thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou 'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.

A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er thoſe, whoſe joys are joys
Of ſight, ſmell, taſte: the cuckow-ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe ſeaſons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *ſenſe* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the *ſun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
On lighten'd minds, that baſk in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty preſents
To worth maturing, *new* ſtrength, luſtre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliſs*;
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt inſpire!
And *bliſs*, which Chriſtian ſchemes alone enſure?
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake, commence
Apoſtates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer truſt,
"He ſins againſt *this* life, who ſlights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favourite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life, we make

Lov'd

Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worſe than nought;
A neſt of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like ſome fair humouriſts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd:
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty baſis of eternal bliſs!
Where now the *barren rock?* the *painted ſhrew?*
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promiſe good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying ſcene,
Whoſe worth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
Aſſiſts me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herſelf, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* luſtre from a higher ſphere.
When groſs guilt interpoſes, labouring earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep eclipſe of joy;
Her joys, at brighteſt, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory diſtant: Oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! theſe between

How

How thin the barrier! what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment ſtill;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the ſkies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy paſs?
The *ſoft tranſition* call it; and be chear'd:
Such it is often, and why not to Thee?
To hope the beſt, is pious, brave, and wiſe;
And may itſelf *procure*, what it *preſumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange competition!*"—True, Lorenzo! ſtrange!
So little *Life* can caſt into the ſcale.
Life makes the ſoul dependent on the duſt;
Death gives her wings to mount above the ſpheres.
Through chinks, ſtyl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
Death burſts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the diſembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* ſhall not feel;
Life, ills ſubſtantial, *wiſdom* cannot ſhun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that ſon of heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, impriſon'd, pain'd?
By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but intombs the body; *life* the ſoul.
"Is *death* then guiltleſs? How he marks his way
"With dreadful waſte of what deſerves to ſhine!
"Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
"With various luſtres *theſe* light up the world,

"Which

"Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment juſt:
The ſage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles theſe; more barbarous *life*, the *man*.
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the ſpirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliſs has *life* to boaſt, till death can give
Far greater; *life* 's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! bluſh at *fondneſs* for a *life*,
Which ſends celeſtial ſouls on errands vile,
To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! bluſh at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive bowers,
Where nectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
And more than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and *diſeaſe*; diſeaſe, though long my gueſt;
That plucks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,

While

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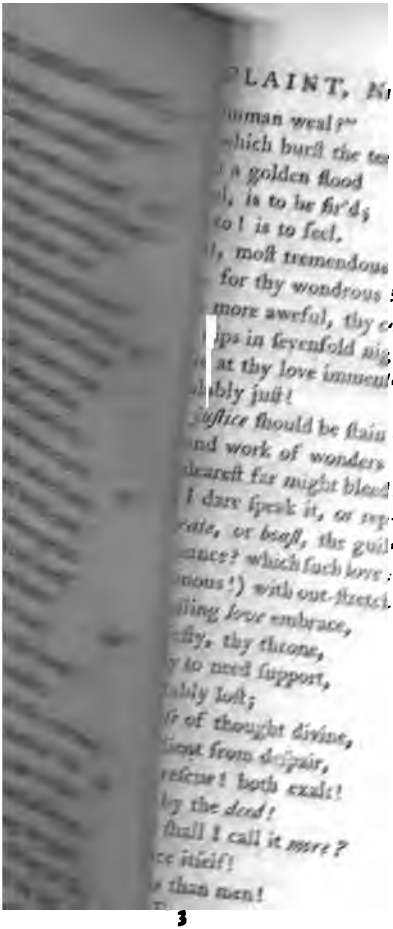

...uman weal?"
...hich burst the ter... night
... a golden flood
...l, is to be fir'd;
...to! is to feel,
...l, most tremendous Power!
... for thy wondrous love!
... more aweful, thy commands,
...ps in sevenfold night!
... at thy love immense!
...bly just!
...justice should be stain'd,
...nd work of wonders far
...dearest far might bleed.
... I dare speak it, or rep...
...ate, or boast, the guil...
...ance? which such love ...
...nous!) with out-stretch ...
...lling love embrace,
...fly, thy throne,
...y to need support,
...bly lost;
...e of thought divine,
...ent from despair,
...rescue! both exalt!
...by the deed!
... shall I call it more?
...ce itself!
... than men!

Not

While reaſon and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Luſt and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corroſive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O death! is thine.
Our day of diſſolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harveſt, rich
And ripe: what though the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death's* deep diſmal groan,
Are ſlender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counſellor, who man inſpires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who reſcues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the reſcued crowns!
Death, that abſolves my birth; a curſe without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *ſource*, and *ſubject*, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt;
One, in my ſoul; and one, in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my duſt.
Yes,

Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Though priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
(To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
And live *intire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our ſight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden loſt.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When ſhall I *die?*—When ſhall I live for ever?

Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
O my coëvals! remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be ſtill ſtretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerneſs and age?
With avarice and convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* ruſh on numerous ills;
And ſoon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far,
To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive: and am I fond of life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible, I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by Mead! if I am ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *ſhallow*, than *impure*,

And *vapid*; *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ſhew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.
O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and could know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Though *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd, unſmitten: ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!
Death's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
O think how deep, Lorenzo! *here* it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I ſee;
Ah! too conſpicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high?*—What means my phrenſy? I blaſpheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet ſtill it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire ſteel—ah no! the dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth—
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt;
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heaven itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not His*.
He ſeiz'd our dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds, *ſo* bought, were bought too dear;
Senſations *new* in angels boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs.
O for *their* ſong; to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful ſpheres;
Whilſt I with *ſeraphs* ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhew to men the dignity of man;
Left I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celeſtial flame,
And *chriſtian* languiſh? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,

" Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burſt the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endleſs day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, which awe more aweful, thy commands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe!
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the *Croſs*; and work of wonders far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
Bold thought! ſhall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boaſt*, the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretch'd arms,
Stern *juſtice* and ſoft-ſmiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
When ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably loſt;
What, but the *fathomleſs* of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue *both?* both reſcue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or ſhall I call it *more?*
A wonder in Omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery no leſs to gods than men!

Not *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
A God all o'er, conſummate, abſolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They ſet at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himſelf,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praiſe:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjuſt.
Ye brainleſs wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd to fouler ſtains!
The ranſom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhauſtible, exhauſted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mighty ſum:
Its value vaſt, ungraſp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ranſom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The ſun beheld it—no, the ſhocking ſcene
Drove back his chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his face;
Not ſuch as *this*; not ſuch as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature ſhudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipſe (without
Oppoſing ſpheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didſt thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or ſtart
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his bleſſed head; o'erwhelm'd his croſs;
Made groan the centre; burſt earth's marble womb,
With

With pangs, ſtrange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that men might ſmile! heaven bled, that man
Might never die! ———

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd.*
What heart of ſtone but glows at thoughts like theſe?
Such contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount
The mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To reſt from wonders? other wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where'er they roll: my ſoul is caught:
Heaven's ſovereign bleſſings, cluſtering from the croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round,
The priſoner of amaze!—In his bleſt *life*
I ſee the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *aſcent* the *proof* ſupreme
Of immortality.—And did he riſe?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He roſe! he roſe! he burſt the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who ſlew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whoſe glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;

And with divine complacency beheld
Powers moſt illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then ſhall *man* ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt gates! cruſh'd ſting! demoliſh'd throne!
Laſt gaſp! of vanquiſh'd death. Shout earth and heaven!
This *ſum of good* to man. *Whoſe* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt *humanity*
Triumphant paſt the cryſtal ports of light,
(Stupendous gueſt!) and ſeiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er ſince, 'tis blaſphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's duration
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail frame,
This child of duſt—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all laviſh of ſtrange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundleſs bliſs.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On chriſtian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! ſmall cauſe for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a cloſe of woe?
Where, then, my boaſt of immortality?
I boaſt it ſtill, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can juſtify his death;
Nor that, unleſs his death can juſtify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent ſight.
If, ſick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted ſpear

(A ſpear

(A ſpear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his ſide,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who ſtrive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, ſubdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this?*—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each ſtep, let higher wonder riſe!
" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
" Through means that ſpeak its value infinite!
" A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
" With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
" Perſiſted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
" Bleſt, and chaſtis'd, a flagrant rebel ſtill!
" A rebel, 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel univerſe!
" My ſpecies up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the fouleſt of the foul, he dies,
" Moſt joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt!
" As if our race were held of higheſt rank;
" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, every heart! and every boſom, burn!
O what a ſcale of miracles is here!
Its loweſt round, high planted on the ſkies;
Its towering ſummit loſt beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
Praiſe! flow for ever (if aſtoniſhment
Will give thee leave): my praiſe! for ever flow;
Praiſe ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia ſacrific'd,
And all her ſpicy mountains in a flame.

So

So dear, ſo due to heaven, ſhall *praiſe* deſcend,
With her ſoft plume (from *plauſive* angels wing
Firſt pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praiſe* the perquiſite of every paw,
Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meaneſt of amours!
Shall *praiſe* her odours waſte on virtue's dead,
Embalm the baſe, perfume the ſtench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by waſhing Æthiops fair,
Removing filth, or ſinking it from ſight,
A ſcavenger in *ſcenes*, where *vacant* poſts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apoſtate *praiſe!* thou vagabond!
Thou proſtitute! to thy firſt love return,
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once unrival'd theme.
There flow redundant; like Meander flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Power,
Who gives the tongue to ſound, the thought to ſoar,
The ſoul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing:
To proſtrate angels, an amazing ſcene!
the preſumption of man's awe for man!
an's Author! End! Reſtorer! Law! and Judge!
ne, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
h all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What,

What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not *praiſe* be thine, not human praiſe?
While heaven's high hoſt on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to Him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut through the ſhades of hell, *great Love!* by thee
Oh moſt Adorable! moſt Unador'd!
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is *night's* ſable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wiſdom* ſhines! what *love!* this midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profuſion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *ſun*, or aſk the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I queſtion loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds He furious *ſtorms* in ſtreighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—Trembling I retract;
My proſtrate ſoul adores the *preſent* God:
Praiſe I a diſtant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, ſuſtains:
Wrapt in his being, I reſound his praiſe:
But though paſt *all* diffus'd, without a ſhore,

His

His essence; *meal* is his throne (as meet),
To gather the dispersed (as kindards tail
The listed from afar), to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sins,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.
The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth;
And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great *First-Last!* pavilion'd high he sits,
In darkness from excessive splendor borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.
Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heaven?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on towering wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars!
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,

Languid

Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vaſt appointments reach it not: they ſee
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heaven's ſuperior praiſe!
Firſt-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And ſome *did* envy; and the reſt, though gods,
Yet ſtill gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the duſt againſt the ſkies)
They leſs would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme.
They ſung *Creation* (for in that they ſhar'd):
How roſe in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they juſt gave the key:
'Tis thine to raiſe, and eternize, the ſong;
Though human, yet divine; for ſhould not *this*
Raiſe man o'er man, and kindle ſeraphs *here?*
Redemption! 't was creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 't was the labour of the ſkies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heaven.
A truth ſo ſtrange! 't were bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill to diſbelieve!
Here pauſe, and ponder: was there death in heaven?
What then on earth? On earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!

Through all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' aſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded; and when paſt
Their various trials in their various ſpheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into Himſelf again;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to ſing,
Though yet *unſung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And ſlippery ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praiſe;
While *Here*, of corps ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the *glorious Standard* ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon through the ſkies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtleſs of their kin,
Yet abſent; but not abſent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael ſung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign: and are theſe, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and Thou (ſhame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?

Religion 's All. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left,
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;
Religion! the ſole voucher man is man;

Supporter

Supporter ſole of man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-ſtate!
Here is firm footing; *here* is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elyſian proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the ſoul, when, from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.

Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting;
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;
There, nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
Can love allure us; or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If in his love ſo terrible, what then

His wrath inflam'd [illegible] tenderness on fire:
Like soft, smooth oil, outblaying other fires:
Can prayer, can praise, avert it?—Thou, my All!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My hoast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, even to me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!
What then art Thou? by what name shall I call Thee?
Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke,
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great Philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
leave praise panting in the distant vale!
ht, too great, defrauds thee of thy due;

And

And ſacrilegious our ſublimeſt ſong.
But ſince the naked *will* obtains thy ſmile,
Beneath this monument of praiſe *unpaid*,
And future life ſymphonious to my ſtrain,
(That nobleſt hymn to heaven!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but Thy frown.
Whom ſee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their reſt.
Ye quietiſts, in homage to the ſkies!
Serene! of ſoft addreſs! who mildly make
An unobtruſive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed;
But, for the bleſſing, *wreſtle* not with heaven!
Think you my ſong too turbulent? too warm?
Are *paſſions*, then, the pagans of the ſoul?
Reaſon alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things ſacred? Oh for warmer ſtill!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers;
Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder ſong!
Thou, my much-injur'd theme! with that ſoft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compaſſion to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
And pardon to the winter in my ſtrain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formaliſts!
On ſuch a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Paſſion is reaſon, tranſport temper, *here*.
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has ſhewn
Her own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
What ſmooth emollients in theology,

Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That proſe of piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
Riſe odours ſweet from incenſe *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is ſtruck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are ſtrung;
High heaven's *orcheſtra* chaunts *amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their diſtant ſtrain,
Sweet to the ſoul, and taſting ſtrong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celeſtial *pity's* plume,
Through the vaſt ſpaces of the univerſe,
To chear me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *death* (now ſtingleſs), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'ſt us to the ſkies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *paſt*,
And *preſent!* when ſhall I thy ſhrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immenſely wide,
Immenſely bleſt, this little *iſle of life*,
This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Chriſtian triumph* a command:

'Tis

'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wife;
'Tis impious in a good man to be ſad.
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *Croſs*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confuſion into form,
And darkneſs into glory; partial *touch!*
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and ſovereign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heaven through all duration, and ſupports
In one illuſtrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celeſtial, heals the ſoul
Diſeas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
The ghaſtly ruins of the mouldering tomb.
Doſt aſk me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhauſted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a ſtupendous ſolitude in heaven;
Repleniſh'd ſoon, repleniſh'd with increaſe
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this by fancy thrown remote; and riſe
Dark doubts between the promiſe and event?
I ſend thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;

Nature is *Chriſtian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing, terror ſheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coaſts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than ſolar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then reviſits earth,
From the long travel of a thouſand years.
Thus, at the deſtin'd period, ſhall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whiſper breathes;
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge acroſs the gulph of death,
To break the ſhock blind *nature* cannot ſhun,
And lands thought ſmoothly on the farther ſhore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* diſarms deſtruction; and abſolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltleſs tomb.
Why diſbelieve? Lorenzo!—"*Reaſon* bids,
"All-ſacred reaſon."—Hold her ſacred ſtill;
Nor ſhalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-ſacred *reaſon!* ſource, and ſoul, of all
Demanding praiſe, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmoſt folds,

Live

Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the bleſſed Croſs, by fortune ſtamp'd
On paſſive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No; *reaſon* re-baptis'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and falſe, in her impartial ſcale;
My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reaſon purſued is *faith*; and, unpurſued
Where proof invites, 'tis reaſon, then, no more:
And ſuch our *proof*, That, or our *faith* is *right*,
Or *reaſon* lies, and heaven deſign'd it *wrong*:
Abſolve we This? What, then, is blaſphemy?
Fond as we are, and juſtly fond, of *faith*,
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reaſon the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower ſhall die; but *reaſon* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the ſkies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reaſon* makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon *yours*:
'Tis *reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'Tis *reaſon's* injur'd rights His wrath reſents;
'Tis *reaſon's* voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give loſt *reaſon* life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reaſon's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;

Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
To thoſe, who puſh our *antidote* aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to *reaſon*, and to *man*,
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
Theſe pompous ſons of *reaſon* idoliz'd
And vilify'd at once; of *reaſon* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp reſounds,
They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide-ray,
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd* Argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the ſun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals?* O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
As wiſe as Socrates, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as Socrates, might juſtly ſtand
The definition of a modern fool.
A Chriſtian is the higheſt ſtile of man:
And is there, who the bleſſed Croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot from his diſhonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

Ye

Ye ſold to ſenſe! ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
" He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
" And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
" Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
" Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
" But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
" Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
" A freedom far leſs welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: Eternity is All;
And whoſe Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it leave to ſpeak; 't will ſpeak ere long,
Thy leave unaſk'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While uſeful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is depoſited with man's *laſt hour*;
An honeſt hour, and faithful to her truſt;
Truth, eldeſt daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor leſs, when he ſhall judge the worlds he made;
Though ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppreſs'd with toys,
That heaven-commiſſion'd hour no ſooner calls,
But, from her cavern in the ſoul's abyſs,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
The goddeſs, burſts in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
Dark *dæmons* I diſcharge, and Hydra ſtings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
Juſt definition! though by ſchools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruſe this Parſon'd page,
And truſt, for once, a prophet, and a prieſt;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no more.
As juſt thy *ſecond charge*. I grant the *Muſe*
Has often bluſht at her degenerate ſons,
Retain'd by *ſenſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
And ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*.
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw different ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
But *pleaſure*, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.

Joys

Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon's* taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By *wit's* addreſs, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed art! wipes off th' indebted bluſh
From nature's cheek, and bronzes every ſhame.
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.
All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe *ſenſual ethics* far, in bulk, tranſcend.
The flowers of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.

Can

Can powers of genius exorciſe their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong?
But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
Condemn the Muſe that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
And run the round of univerſal ſpace,
To viſit Being univerſal there,
And Being's Source, that utmoſt flight of mind!
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *ſyrens* only? Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *proſe*,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe.
Think'ſt thou, Lorenzo! to find paſtimes here?
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity diſgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or ſilken tale:
But ſolemn *counſels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through theſe revolving ſpheres,
This death-deep ſilence, and incumbent ſhade:
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
Lorenzo!

Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the ſmile!
If, what imports you moſt, can moſt engage,
Shall ſteal your ear, and chain you to my ſong.
Or if you fail me, know, the wiſe ſhall taſte
The truths I ſing; the truths I ſing ſhall feel;
And, feeling, give aſſent; and their aſſent
Is ample recompence; is more than praiſe.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor miſtake;
Think not un-introduc'd I force my way;
Narciſſa, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illuſtrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, deſcends
Uncall'd, and aſks admittance for the Muſe:
A Muſe that will not pain thee with thy praiſe;
Thy praiſe ſhe drops, by *nobler* ſtill inſpir'd.
O Thou! Bleſt Spirit! *whether* the ſupreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whoſe breaſt
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Preſent, though future; prior to themſelves;
Whoſe breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne ſome delegated power,
Who, ſtudious of our peace, doſt turn the thought
From vain and vile, to ſolid and ſublime!
Unſeen thou lead'ſt me to delicious draughts
Of inſpiration, from a purer ſtream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burſt
From fam'd Caſtalia: nor is yet allay'd
My ſacred thirſt; though long my ſoul has rang'd

Through pleaſing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By thee ſuſtain'd, and lighted by the Stars.
By *them* beſt lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their moſt illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the ſoul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reaſon, joſtled by the throng.
By *day* the ſoul is paſſive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontrol'd, and unimpreſs'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repoſe.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the ſun adore:
Darkneſs has more divinity for me;
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on Herſelf, our point ſupreme!
There lies our theatre! there ſits our judge.
Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reaſon's* reign,
And *virtue's* too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's *aſylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no leſs *reſcues* virtue, than *inſpires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the croud,

Nor touches on the world, without a [illegible].
The world is infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the [illegible].
Something we [illegible], is [illegible], we [illegible],
[illegible], we [illegible], return again.
Each [illegible] may [illegible] in a [illegible]
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: [illegible], [illegible], [illegible].
All [illegible] us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gold*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

This

This ſacred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt preſence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheiſt half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conſcious moon, through every diſtant age,
Has held a lamp to *wiſdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
Philoſophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to moleſt
His labouring mind, the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
And ſeem all gazing on their future gueſt,
See him ſoliciting his ardent ſuit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionleſs, he ſtands;
Nor quits his theme, or poſture, till the ſun
(Rude drunkard riſing roſy from the main!)
Diſturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! ſtol'n from the black waſte
Of murder'd time! Auſpicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, every paſſion huſh,
And open'd a calm intercourſe with heaven,
Here the ſoul ſits in council; ponders *paſt*,
Predeſtines *future* action; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reaſons with the ſtorm;

All her lyes anſwers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What aweful joy! What mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkneſs; rather ſay
(If not too bold) in darkneſs I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the cluſtering thoughts around
Spontaneous riſe, and bloſſom in the ſhade;
But droop by day, and ſicken in the *ſun*.
Thought borrows light elſewhere; from that *firſt* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence deſcends
Urania, my celeſtial gueſt! who deigns
Nightly to viſit me, ſo mean; and *now*,
Conſcious how needful diſcipline to man,
From pleaſing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandering thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! Narciſſa's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my ſpirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood?
A cold, ſlow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we ſoar,
And now we ſink; to be the *ſame*, tranſcends
Our preſent proweſs. Dearly pays the *ſoul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reaſon, a baffled counſellor! but adds
The bluſh of weakneſs to the bane of woe.
The nobleſt ſpirit, fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, duſky region, charg'd with ſtorms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, ſhort her flight, and ſure her fall.

Our

Our utmoſt ſtrength, when down, to riſe again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praiſe.
'Tis vain to ſeek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promiſe, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me priſoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlaſting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, ſhook off *pain*,
Mortality ſhook off, in æther pure,
And ſtruck the ſtars; *now* feel my ſpirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I ruſh,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In ſorrow drown'd—but not in ſorrow loſt.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *ſorrow's* ſtream:
Not ſo the thoughtleſs man that *only* grieves:
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Ineſtimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wiſe.
If wiſdom is our leſſon (and what elſe
Ennobles man? what elſe have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er could boaſt.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal.
This *book-caſe*, with dark booty almoſt burſt,
This *forager* on others' wiſdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reaſon*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,

Dung'd, but not dreſt; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *ſervant's* wealth, incumber'd *wiſdom* mourns.
And what ſays *genius?* "*Let the dull be wiſe.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boaſt, where bluſh men leſs inſpir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *ſenſe*;
Conſiders *reaſon* as a leveler;
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſing with the croud.
That wiſe it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleaſure* gives the reſt.
Craſſus but ſleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wiſdom* ſmiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *ſorrow* wounds the breaſt, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her ſoftening ſhower;
Her ſeed celeſtial, then, glad *wiſdom* ſows;
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the ſoil.
If ſo, Narciſſa! welcome my *Relapſe*;
I 'll raiſe a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compenſation from my pain.
I 'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of ſovereign power
To chaſe the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the ſkies,
Though natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil;
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *ſeraphs* ſing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
Reaſon, the ſun that gives them birth, the ſame
In either clime, though more illuſtrious *there*.

Theſe

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
" *Why* men decline it; *suicide's* foul birth;
" The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
" And *death's dread character*—invite my song."
And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief:
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too soon*.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are *friends*: As glaring *day*
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,
Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;
(Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read
Her *moral* stone; few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can ſtrike: and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cauſe have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize, when *fear* is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humbler ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts *deluſion's* duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry *paſſions* raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;
And ſhews the *real* eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* ſight;
Pale *worldly wiſdom* loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe, from her ſchemes profound,
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air.
Not ſo, *celeſtial*: wouldſt thou know, Lorenzo!

How differ *worldly wiſdom*, and *divine*?
Juſt as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly* wiſdom every day;
And every day more fair her *rival* ſhines.
When *later*, there 's leſs time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave):
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wiſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
As worldly ſchemes reſemble Sibyls' leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyls' books compare,
(In antient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
In price ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
Ineſtimable quite his final hour.
For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Inſolvent worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All nature faulters there.
Our great phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's; and yet,
From a friend's grave how ſoon we diſengage!
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *affection's* tyes, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reaſon*, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!

Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueſt?
Nay, though invited by the loudeſt calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?
Though numerous meſſengers are ſent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cauſe,
The wondrous cauſe, of this myſterious ill?
All heaven looks down aſtoniſh'd at the ſight.
Is it, that life has ſown her *joys* ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, though ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay
(Retaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?

In

In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.
Is this the cauſe *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Like *him* ſo ſtrong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature, conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! riſe;
And drown in your leſs execrable yell
Britannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the field.

Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for ſuicide!
An *iſland* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beſide!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But thou be ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of *ſelf-aſſault*, expoſe the monſter's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the diſtant ſun;
The ſun is innocent, thy clime abſolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.
The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *ſoul*), a native of the ſkies!
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* ſuſpicious, *earth's* inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light touching, ſhould indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taſte,
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of *earth* for gueſts that came from *heaven*:
Sink into ſlaves; and ſell, for *preſent* hire,

Their

Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; though faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs *deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons! is the *cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs; but the madneſs of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and *Suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Through ſacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of *wiſdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,

Number their moments, and, in every clock,
Start at the voice of an Eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? As ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.
Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a *ſigh?*
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of *tears?*
(A ſcience, yet unlectur'd in our ſchools!
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny rivulets to their ſprings.
Our funeral tears from different cauſes riſe,
As if from ſeparate ciſterns in the ſoul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By ſoft contagion call'd, *ſome* burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious *art* diſtill'd.
Some hearts, in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
[illegible] by the magic of the public eye,

Like

Like Moſes' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear.
They dwell on praiſes, which they think they ſhare;
And thus, without a bluſh, commend themſelves.
Some mourn, in proof, that ſomething they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *ſhew*.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
With what addreſs the ſoft Epheſians draw
Their ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As ſeen through cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek?
Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carouſing gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abſtracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own deceaſe.
By kind conſtruction ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,

That

That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *ſorrow's* pang, the birth of endleſs joy.
But *theſe* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! The cruel *grief* ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
Far as the deep reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wiſdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
Are ſpent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flouriſh ſtill more fair.
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning, *there*, her *true ſupport*,
Though there thrown down her true ſupport to learn.
Without heaven's aid, impatient to be bleſt,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, forſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
In all the fruitleſs fopperies of life:
Preſents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the deſtin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making ſmiles,
And blanching ſables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clariſſa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!

Not

ich, Narciſſa, my diſtreſs for Thee.
ake an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
crifice to wiſdom. What waſt Thou?
ng, gay, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
well on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
en knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
well on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
l without reflection, like a pile
out inhabitant, to ruin runs.
d, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to grey hairs?
ſſa, I 'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
parkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
r of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
hat life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
men might plead preſcription from the grave;
leſs, from repetition of reprieve.
leſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
ll me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
t thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
phantom of an age 'twixt us and death

Already

That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *parents*' pangs, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon turn'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Though there thrown down her true support to learn.
Without heaven's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
With rude, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And ruffles for the *death's head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth
Slept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!

Not

Not ſuch, Narciſſa, my diſtreſs for Thee.
I 'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
To ſacrifice to wiſdom. What waſt Thou?
"*Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heaven knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I 'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to grey hairs?
Narciſſa, I 'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
She ſparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
Old worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death

Already

Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking! It makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will's* subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!
All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought

And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *ſenſe*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſh'd names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *ſarcaſtic*, and inſults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countleſs multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our ſorrow, greater our ſurprize.
Like other tyrants, *death* delights to ſmite,
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;

The

The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me Thine, Narciſſa!—What though ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuſalems may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narciſſa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "That fartheſt from the *fear*,
"Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from Narciſſa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep

Inviolable ſtupor of his reign,
Where *luſt*, and turbulent *ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heaven's decree,
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In aweful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: "Strike, but *ſo*
"As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, and *ſurprize*,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconfeſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* aſſumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Though maſter of a wider empire far
Than that, o'er which the Roman eagle flew.
Like Nero, he 's a fidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guiſe;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence

Is

Is his familiar wear, and fleek diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Such, on Narciſſa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
I've ſeen, or dreamt I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Say, Muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhew Lorenzo the ſurpriſing ſcene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.
'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* puſh'd him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
The ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*
His meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
Well-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.
His crooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;

And hid his deadly ſhafts in Myra's eye.
The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleaſure's* footſteps round the world,
When *pleaſure* treads the paths, which *reaſon* ſhuns.
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhuts the door,
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place of *ſenſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſh'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key; and bids him ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire.
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurprize,
From his black maſque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than ſimple conqueſt*, in the fiend?
And now, Lorenzo, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fixt;

Fixt

Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And *fate* ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from Thee the precious *uſe* of life:
  Early, not ſudden, was Narciſſa's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her ſight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conſpir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge through ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
  That ſhining ſhield *invites* the tyrant's ſpear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,

And

And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our evening's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.
High fortune ſeems in cruel league with *fate*.
Aſk you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? To hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal diſtance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins juſt where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs *deny'd*?
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happineſs *diſdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *tranſport*, and *content* our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempeſt*, in her ſtead;
A *tempeſt* to warm *tranſport* near of kin.

Unknowing

Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our ecſtaſies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew *death's* picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhower.
Gold glitters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no more;
As ſtars from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennel'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
Pour in, all opening in their idol's praiſe;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morſel on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous ſtill.
Sagacious All, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
Court-zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,

O'er

O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.
With aim miſ-meaſur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent wiſh far off,
Through fury to poſſeſs it: *Some* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *ſome*, by ſudden blaſts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *ſome* (unhappy rivals!) ſeize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe,
(Juſt victims of exorbitant deſire!)
Who periſh at their own requeſt, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of laviſh grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers ſlain,
The number ſmall, which happineſs can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates; at laſt
One curſe involves them all: at death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loſs,
And mourn, in juſt proportion to their ſtore.
And *death's* approach (if orthodox my ſong)
Is haſten'd by the lure of *fortune's* ſmiles.

And

And art thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
The ſun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the ſtrong ſtrokes of labouring hinds ſubdued,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conſcious foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant dale, reſound.
Theſe high-aim'd darts of *death*, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, ſuſpended in mid air,
Or near heaven's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
(So could it be) *ſhould* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A conſtellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempeſtuous wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common rock,
"From greater danger to grow more ſecure,
"And, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate."
Lyſander, happy paſt the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aſpaſia: ſhe was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finiſht happineſs?

Fixt

Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the ſounding beach. The glittering ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore:
So break thoſe glittering ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The *diſtant* train of thought I took to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*Theſe* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narciſſa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou waſt only *near* me; not *myſelf*.
Survive *myſelf?*—*That* cures all other woe.
Narciſſa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the ſoft commerce! O the tender tyes,
Cloſe-twiſted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the ſoul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *ſuch* friends part,
'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly conſidered.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in diſpute about religion than this. The diſpute about religion, and the practice of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, therefore, the diſpute the better. I think it may be reduced to this ſingle queſtion, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements, or trials of ſkill. In this caſe, *truth, reaſon, religion*, which give our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity,

ſolemnity, are (as will be ſhewn) mere empty ſound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very ſerious about eternal conſequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, uneſtabliſhed, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I *conceive*, the *real* ſource and ſupport of all our infidelity; how remote ſoever the particular objections advanced may ſeem to be from it.

Senſible appearances affect moſt men much more than *abſtract reaſonings*; and we daily ſee *bodies* drop around us, but the *ſoul* is inviſible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be well conceived by thoſe that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the ſad intereſt that ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! The heathen world confeſſed, that they *rather* hoped, than firmly *believed* immortality! And how many heathens have we ſtill amongſt us! The ſacred page aſſures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Goſpel: but by how many is the Goſpel rejected, or overlooked! From theſe conſiderations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the ſentiments of ſome particular perſons, I have been long perſuaded that moſt, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize) are ſupported in their deplorable error, by ſome doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am ſatisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being

Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conſcious eternal pain or happineſs will certainly be his lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, enquire after the ſureſt means of eſcaping one, and ſecuring the other. And of ſuch an earneſt and impartial inquiry, I well know the conſequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this moſt fundamental truth, ſome plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſiſtible; and ſuch as, I am ſatisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themſelves the ſmall trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own boſoms, and of obſerving, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the world. If ſome arguments ſhall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the *moſt* important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is undiſputed for this reaſon *only*; *viz.* becauſe, where the leaſt pretence to reaſon is admitted; it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of conſequence no man can be betrayed into a diſpute of that nature by *vanity*; which has a principal ſhare in animating our modern combatants againſt other articles of our Belief.

NIGHT VI.

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narciſſa, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like Philander. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the diſeaſe,
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy preſſure's ſtill encreaſing weight,
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it ſo)
With diſmal *doubt*, and ſable *terror*, hung;
Sick *hope's* pale lamp its only glimmering ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *ſelf-love* itſelf to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk *her* grief to leſſen *mine*.
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,
Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
(Not now *firſt* made familiar to my ſight)
And

* Referring to Night V.

And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down by ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker every hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye,
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *tranſition*; though the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *ſat*.
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;

Fear ſhakes the pencil; *Fancy* loves exceſs;
Dark *Ignorance* is laviſh of her ſhades:
And *theſe* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt; new proſpects riſe;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapſe, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my ſong.
O that my ſong could emulate my ſoul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the ſoul diſdains
A mark ſo mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endleſs ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inſpire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle here!*
How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how *great*
To mingle intereſts, converſe, amities,
With all the ſons of *reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide

Through

Through habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! To riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of Love Divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs, and from duſt, to *ſuch* a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hour!
Lorenzo, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
The wiſe illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod *we* tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *Time's* purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
Through the long viſto of a thouſand years,

To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!
To propheſy our own futurities;
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers, and the tale!
Lorenzo, ſwells thy boſom at the thought?
The ſwell becomes thee: 'Tis an honeſt pride.
Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modeſt, where thou ſhould'ſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.
How *juſt* our pride, when we behold *thoſe* heights!
Not thoſe *ambition* paints in air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how juſt!
When mount we? When theſe ſhackles caſt? When quit
This cell of the creation? This ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe; but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales, and drink a purer ſky;
Greatly triumphant on *Time's* farther ſhore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep,

Ye

Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the ſick!
Diſtemper'd bodies! and diſtemper'd minds!
In an *Eternity*, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! novelties ſurprize!
What webs of wonder ſhall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious and intire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſht ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,

Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the cryſtal waves of æther pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port? The *leaſt*
Of theſe diſſeminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers Theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge, as Leviathan, to that ſmall race,
Thoſe twinkling multitudes of little life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd? *Stupendous* Theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the *whole?*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vaſt the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exuberant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill.
If admiration is a ſource of joy,
What tranſport hence! yet this the leaſt in heaven.
What *this* to that illuſtrious robe *He* wears,
Who toſt this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt of his power?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meaneſt floweret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this ſun of heaven?
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt?
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! ſolid happineſs
So diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below.
And chaſe we ſtill the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,

Or,

Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name!* a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air,
For ſordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, ſweat, through every ſhame, for every gain,
For vile contaminating traſh; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two *dæmons* theſe,
Which goad through every ſlough our human herd,
Hard travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *dæmons* burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
Lorenzo's boſom, and turn out the ſkies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity?*
And why not in an atom on the ſhore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the ſun?
Glory and *wealth!* have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it ſurprize thee? Be thou then ſurpriz'd;
Thou *neither* know'ſt: their *nature* learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *theſe ſubjects* ſeem,
What cloſe connexion ties them to my theme.
Firſt, what is *true* ambition? The purſuit
Of glory, nothing *leſs* than man can ſhare.

Were

Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of ſelf-applauſe,
Their arts and conqueſts *animals* might boaſt,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as We;
But not *celeſtial*. *Here* we ſtand *alone*;
As in our form, diſtinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our ſtature is our ſhame:
And man ſhould bluſh, his forehead meets the ſkies.
The *viſible* and *preſent* are for brutes,
A ſlender portion! and a narrow bound!
Theſe *reaſon*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unſeen*;
The vaſt unſeen! the future fathomleſs!
When the great ſoul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving groſs *nature's* ſediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The ſage and hero of the fields and woods,
Aſſerts his rank, and riſes into man.
This is ambition: This is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?
Genius and *art*, ambition's boaſted wings,
Our boaſt but ill deſerve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If Theſe alone
Aſſiſt our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er ſo high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
I wretch, when I behold;
d a genius bright, and baſe,
lents, and terreſtrial aims;

Methinks

Methinks I ſee, as thrown from her high ſphere,
The glorious fragments of a ſoul immortal,
With rubbiſh mix'd, and glittering in the duſt.
Struck at the ſplendid, melancholy ſight,
At once *compaſſion* ſoft, and *envy*, riſe—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are ſhining inſtruments
In falſe ambition's hand, to finiſh faults
Illuſtrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *powers*.
Plain ſenſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.
Reaſon the means, *affections* chuſe our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiſs.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applauſe.
Right ends, *and* means, make wiſdom: Worldly-wiſe
Is but *half*-witted, at its higheſt praiſe.
Let *genius* then deſpair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *ſtation*: What is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and miniſters are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; *all more* is merit's due,
Her ſacred and inviolable right;

Nor

Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majeſty.
Let the *ſmall ſavage* boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, deſcending fairly from his ſires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And ſouls in *ermin* ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can *place* or leſſen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when Egypt's fall.
Of theſe ſure truths doſt thou demand the cauſe?
The cauſe is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſom burns for power;
What ſtation charms thee? I 'll inſtall thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before waſt ſomething *leſs* than man.
Has thy new poſt betray'd thee into pride?
That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *ſtaffs* or *ſtrings* can raiſe.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkneſs ſoars,
From blindneſs bold, and towering to the ſkies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man;
An angel's ſecond; nor his ſecond, long.

A Nero

A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling ſtring,
But faintly ſhadows an immortal ſoul,
With empire's ſelf, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives miniſter no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the poſt ſtand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honeſt man;
Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though diſgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a maſter's ſmile.
Other ambition *nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it moſt abſurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a ſwathe, *at firſt*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at laſt*, a turf, or ſtone;
To whom, *between*, a world may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *juſt* ambition, to the grand reſult,
The *curtain's* fall; *there*, ſee the buſkin'd chief
Unſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduc'd to his own ſtature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice

To *Chriſtian* pride! which had with horror ſhock'd
The darkeſt *pagans* offer'd to their gods.
O thou *moſt Chriſtian* enemy to peace!
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the ſkies.
Why *this* ſo rare? Becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which ſits as judge; that day, which ſhall pronounce
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never ſhut thy thought againſt it;
Be *levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell the fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition?* Then let flames *deſcend*,
Point to the centre their inverted ſpires,
And learn humiliation from a ſoul,
Which boaſts her lineage from celeſtial fire.
Yet *theſe* are they the world pronounces wiſe;
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And caſts *new* wiſdom: ev'n the grave man lends
His ſolemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wiſdom for parts is madneſs for the whole.
This ſtamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wiſeſt weak, the richeſt poor,
The moſt ambitious, unambitious, mean;

In

In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight transports us to the skies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense*;
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.
With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right?
Where thy *true treasure?* Gold says, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India 's insolvent: seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;

Sky-

Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *ſenſes*, which inherit earth, and heaven;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
At a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
And half create the wondrous world they ſee.
Our *ſenſes*, as our *reaſon*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, ſtill.
Objects are but th' occaſion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires.
Say then, Shall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When heaven makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare! ſo great, ſo mean, is man.
What wealth in *ſenſes* ſuch as theſe! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene
Than *ſenſe* ſurveys! In *memory's* firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recall
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours freſh, originally bright,

Preſerve

Preſerve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that ſovereign power!
Which *ſenſe* and *fancy* ſummons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the maſs thoſe *underlings* import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law*;
The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with maſter hand, a copy fair
Of *His* idea, whoſe indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliſs.
What *wealth* in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear
Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's ſound!*
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impoſſible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endleſs growth,
In quenchleſs *paſſions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuſe, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundleſs bliſs!

Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds paſſed can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too high to mourn
Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.
Immortal! Ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning ſtill where computation ends!
'Tis the deſcription of a *Deity!*
'Tis the deſcription of the *meaneſt ſlave:*
The meaneſt ſlave dares then Lorenzo ſcorn?
The meaneſt ſlave thy *ſovereign* glory ſhares.
Proud youth! faſtidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the loweſt; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
Immortal! What can ſtrike the *ſenſe* ſo ſtrong,
As this the *ſoul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reaſon amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the ſtars.

Has

Has not Lorenzo's boſom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all elſe! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile impriſonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abaſement*, *emptineſs*,
The ſoul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *thoſe*, and *theſe* their luſtre loſe;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all atchieves;
Sets earth at diſtance; caſts her into ſhades;
Blends her diſtinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortune's dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality's* full force inſpires.
Nothing terreſtrial touches his high thought;
Suns ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
Their preſent province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wiſh,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *abſence* loſt!

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by ſome due diſtanc'd eye
Were ſeen at once, her towering Alps would ſink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even ſphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in *Eternity's* vaſt round.
To that ſtupendous view when ſouls awake,
So large of late, ſo mountainous to man,
Time's toys ſubſide; and *equal* all below.
Enthuſiaſtic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthuſiaſts. To this godlike height
Some ſouls have ſoar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by theſe ſublunary ſtorms,
Boundleſs, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What ſlave *unbleſt*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *abſent* ſceptre waves.
And what a ſceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immenſe appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human ſoul divine!
Too great the bounty ſeems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at ſo ſtrange a bliſs?
In ſpite of all the truths the Muſe has ſung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world ſo cloſe about them,
They ſee no farther than the clouds; and dance

On

On heedleſs vanity's fantaſtic toe,
Till, ſtumbling at a ſtraw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and ſong?
Are there, Lorenzo? Is it poſſible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a ſoul immortal in their breaſts;
Unconſcious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its ineſtimable gem?
When rocks ſhall melt, and mountains vaniſh, *theſe*
Shall know their treaſure; treaſure, *then*, no more.
Are there (ſtill more amazing!) who reſiſt
The riſing thought? who ſmother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who ſtruggle to be brutes?
Who through this boſom-barrier burſt their way,
And, with revers'd ambition, ſtrive to ſink?
Who labour downwards through th' oppoſing powers
Of inſtinct, reaſon, and the world againſt them,
To diſmal hopes, and ſhelter in the ſhock
Of endleſs night; night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wiſe)
Blaſphemers, and rank atheiſts to *themſelves?*
To contradict them, ſee all nature riſe!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-ſcene?
To *reaſon* proves, or weds it to *deſire?*
All things proclaim it *needful*; ſome advance

One precious ſtep beyond, and prove it *ſure*.
A thouſand arguments ſwarm round my pen,
From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *preſſing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou! whoſe all-providential Eye ſurveys,
Whoſe Hand directs, whoſe Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant auguſt!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One paſt, ere man's or angel's had begun;
Aid! while I reſcue from the foe's aſſault
Thy glorious Immortality in *man*:
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but reliſh'd moſt
By thoſe who love Thee moſt, who moſt adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wiſdom; is his oracle ſupreme;
And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt wiſe.
Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haſte;
And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; ſtars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;
Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambroſial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,

Blows

Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the Spring: Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the ſouth,
Recalls the *firſt*. All, to re-flouriſh, fades;
As in a wheel, all ſinks, to re-aſcend.
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, aſcends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
No ſingle atom, once in being, loſt,
With change of counſel charges the Moſt High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And ſhall *Spirit* die?
Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall Man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No reſurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be ſown in barren ground,
Leſs privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliſs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the ſpleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death's* ſingle unredeem'd?

If

If nature's *revolution* ſpeaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder ſtill.
Look nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her ſcale aſcends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and ſenſe;
There, ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a glimmering ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But how preſerv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? thoſe realms of bliſs,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the ſoul of man
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Check'd *reaſon* halts; her next ſtep wants ſupport;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
A ſcheme, *analogy* pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careleſs of the call,
Falſe atteſtation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reaſon, rather than renounce
The duſt belov'd, and run the *riſque* of heaven?
O what indignity to deathleſs ſouls!

What

What treaſon to the majeſty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Hear the lofty ſtyle:
" If ſo decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
" Let earth diſſolve, yon pondrous orbs deſcend,
" And grind us into duſt. The *ſoul* is ſafe;
" The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
" As towering flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
" O'er devaſtation, as a gainer, ſmiles;
" His charter, his inviolable rights,
" Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
" Death's pointleſs darts, and hell's defeated ſtorms."
But theſe chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy ſevenfold *ſhield.*
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And ſuperlunary felicities,
Thy boſom warm. I 'll cool it, if I can;
And turn thoſe glories that inchant, againſt thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next.*
If wiſe, the cauſe that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuſe);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What ſeeſt thou? Wondrous things!
Terreſtrial wonders, that eclipſe the ſkies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
Loaded by man, for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;

What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
And gild our landſcape with their glittering ſpires.
Some mid the wondering waves majeſtic riſe;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions raviſh'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heaven beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, *here*, ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vaſt oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders riſe;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! Their roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* reſtraints obey."
Earth 's diſembowel'd! meaſur'd are the ſkies!
Stars are detected in their deep receſs!
Creation widens! vanquiſh'd *nature* yields!

Her ſecrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, ſpirit, power!
And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this ſcene,
Whoſe glories render heaven ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe footſteps theſe?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could leſs than ſouls immortal this have done?
Earth 's cover'd o'er with proofs of ſouls immortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are *ambition's* works: and theſe are great:
But *this*, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do;
Tranſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?
Doſt aſk me what?—One ſigh for the *diſtreſt*.
What then for *infidels?* A *deeper* ſigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. Here ceaſe we: but, ere long,
More powerful *proof* ſhall take the field againſt thee,
Stronger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb.

NIGHT

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

BEING

THE SECOND PART

OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

CONTAINING

THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE, OF IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of *levity* is a land of *guilt*. A *ſerious mind* is the native ſoil of every virtue; and the ſingle character that does true honour to mankind. The *ſoul's immortality* has been the favourite theme with the *ſerious* of all ages. Nor is it ſtrange; it is a ſubject by far the moſt intereſting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of higheſt moment this ſubject always *was* and always *will be*. Yet this its higheſt moment ſeems to admit of *increaſe*, at this day; a ſort of *occaſional* importance is ſuperadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that

that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be juſt. It is there ſuppoſed, that all our *infidels*, whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by ſome doubts of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I conſider this point, the more I am perſuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the diſtruſt of a *futurity* is a ſtrange error; yet it is an error into which *bad* men may *naturally* be diſtreſſed. For it is impoſſible to bid defiance to final ruin, without ſome refuge in imagination, ſome preſumption of eſcape. And what preſumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compaſs of human thought. And theſe are—That either God *will* not, or *can* not puniſh. Conſidering the divine attributes, the *firſt* is too groſs to be digeſted by our ſtrongeſt wiſhes. And ſince *omnipotence* is as much a divine attribute as *holineſs*, that God *cannot* puniſh, is as abſurd a ſuppoſition, as the former. God certainly can puniſh as long as wicked men exiſt. In non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, conſequently, non-exiſtence is their ſtrongeſt wiſh. And ſtrong wiſhes have a ſtrange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almoſt, incredible. And ſince on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are ſome very ſmall *appearances* in their *favour*, and none at all on the *other*, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimæra, to ſave themſelves from the ſhock and horror of an *immediate* and *abſolute* deſpair.

On

On reviewing my ſubject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to purſue it, as it appeared to me to ſtrike directly at the main root of *all* our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, purſued at large; and ſome arguments for immortality, new at leaſt to me, are ventured on in them. There alſo the writer has made an attempt to ſet the groſs abſurdities and horrors of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elſewhere.

The gentlemen, for whoſe ſake this attempt was chiefly made, profeſs great admiration for the wiſdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not ſincere! If they were ſincere, how would it mortify them to conſider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by *thoſe* whom they ſo much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their ſhare, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the moſt guarded, diſpaſſionate, and compoſed: yet this great maſter of temper was angry; and angry at his laſt hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deſerved acknowledgement; angry for a right and tender inſtance of true friendſhip towards him. Is not this ſurprizing? What could be the cauſe? The cauſe was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for *immortality*: for his friend aſking

aſking him, with ſuch an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he ſhould depoſit his remains?" it was reſented by Socrates, as implying a diſhonourable ſuppoſition, that he could be ſo mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himſelf, that was *not immortal.*

This fact well conſidered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illuſtrious example, to ſhare his glory: and, conſequently, it would incline them to peruſe the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I deſire; and that, for *their* ſakes: for I am perſuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel muſt, neceſſarily, receive ſome advantageous impreſſions from them.

July 7, 1744.

CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

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NIGHT

NIGHT VII.

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the ſoul to ſenſe of future ſcenes?
Deaths ſtand, like Mercurys, in every way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldſt make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe;
The grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Through various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
Time gives the preface, *endleſs age* unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.
This, earth and *ſkies* *, *already* have proclaim'd.
The world 's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God foretels (who ſpeaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) ſhall dare deny?
If *nature's* arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in *man*.
If man ſleeps on, untaught by what he *ſees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels?*
He, whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himſelf;

* Night the Sixth.

Who reads his boſom, reads immortal life;
Or, *nature*, there, impoſing on her ſons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lye*.
Why *diſcontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable conſumption of our peace!
Reſolve me, why the *cottager* and *king*,
He whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?
Is it, that things *terreſtrial* can't content?
Deep in rich paſture, will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet *ſerene*. Man, ill at eaſe,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething *more*, when *moſt* enjoy'd.
Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *inſtinct*, though perhaps, debauch'd
By *ſenſe*, his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe.
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe;
And diſcontent is *immortality*.
Shall ſons of æther, ſhall the blood of heaven,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable *here*

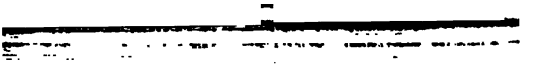
With

With brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the ſigh:
Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
His *anxious* heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
And gives the *ſceptic* in his head the *lye*.
Our heads, our hearts, our *paſſions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies;
Unripen'd *theſe* in this inclement clime,
Scarce riſe above conjecture and miſtake;
And for this land of trifles *thoſe* too ſtrong
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
Meet objects for our *paſſions* heaven ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: Bleſt Heaven! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliſs!
O for a bliſs *unbounded!* far beneath
A ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to periſh immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reaſon progreſſive, *inſtinct* is complete;
Swift *inſtinct* leaps; ſlow *reaſon* feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.

Were *man* to live coëval with the ſun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill;
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half unlearnt.
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in *eaſtern* oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *dim*, *illuſtrious* to compare,
The ſun's *meridian* with the *ſoul* of man.
To man, why, ſtep-dame *nature!* ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man muſt die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread?*
Why curſt with foreſight? Wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
His *immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt!
His *immortality* alone can ſolve
The darkeſt of *ænigmas*, human *hope*;
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All *preſent* bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than *deſpair*.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eaſe.
Poſſeſſion, why more taſteleſs than *purſuit?*
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why, the grave of bliſs?
Becauſe, in the *great future* bury'd deep,

Beyond

Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething *new*
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* deſcend. He ſtarves on the *poſſeſt*.
Hence, the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in deſpair.
Old Rome conſulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more ſucceſs, the flight of *hope* ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there;
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in myſtery.
Why *virtue?* Where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſued:
What true ſelf-intereſt of *quite*-mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy *here*.



Thou wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes
Weakneſs and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
" Has virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-bought*.
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect ſtate,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for ſmall reward?
Who virtue's *ſelf-reward* ſo loud reſound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her ſoul inſpires:
'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries, and the *world's* aſſaults:
On earth's poor pay our famiſh'd virtue dies.
Truth inconteſtable! In ſpite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heaven's ſignet ſtamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe
Suſtaining all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *Love*.
As light and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
Theſe to the ſoul. And *why*, if ſouls expire?
How little lovely *here*? How little known?
Small *knowledge* we dig up with endleſs toil;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on earth, our *angel* appetites;
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulſome fill?
Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in ſavage ſport,

Rank

Rank inſult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain, from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? And ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made!
The worſt to *wallow*, and the beſt to *weep*;
The man who merits moſt, muſt moſt complain:
Can we conceive a diſregard in heaven,
What the worſt *perpetrate*, or beſt *endure*?
This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs power;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, heaven ſuits in All;
Nor, *nature* through, e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful ſtring.
Is *man* the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,
(I ſpeak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monſter, the reproach of heaven,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord*.
If ſuch is man's allotment, *what* is heaven?
Or own the ſoul *immortal*, or blaſpheme.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock-majeſty! go, man!
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall;
Through every ſcene of *ſenſe* ſuperior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd

With

With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs;
Mankind's peculiar! *reaſon's* precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ranſack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curſes hang:
Their *ill* no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe; unſtretcht
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
Bleſt, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher, or *hero*, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot,
But what beams on it from *eternity*.
O ſole, and ſweet ſolution! That unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright *order*; caſts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in ſupremacy
Of joy, ev'n *here*: admit immortal life,
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!

Heaven

Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd *below*.
Still unſubdued thy ſtubborn *heart?*—For *there*
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; *will* alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn heart, if I ſhould find
New, unexpected witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, *pleaſure*, and the *love of gain!*
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that *theſe*, which make the ſoul
The *ſlave* of earth, ſhould own her *heir* of heaven?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us *diſbelieve*
Our immortality, ſhould prove it *ſure?*
Firſt, then, *ambition* ſummon to the bar.
Ambition's *ſhame*, *extravagance*, *diſguſt*,
And *inextinguiſhable nature*, ſpeak.
Each much *depoſes*; hear them in their turn.
Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of *fame!*
How anxious, that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Though for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men;
And why? Becauſe *immortal*. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which ſtoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us in tremendous judgment ſit
Far more than man, with *endleſs* praiſe, and blame.
Ambition's *boundleſs appetite* out-ſpeaks
The verdict of its *ſhame*. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,

One age is poor applauſe; the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time muſt echo; worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Inſtinct points out an intereſt in hereafter;
But our blind *reaſon* ſees not *where* it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is This all?" cry'd Cæſar at his height,
Diſguſted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt, between
The paſſion and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by ſome *reputed* wiſe.
Though diſappointments in ambition *pain*,
And though ſucceſs *diſguſts*; yet ſtill, Lorenzo!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the nobleſt ends.

Abſurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; ſpecious, but unſound;
Sooner that hero's *ſword* the world had quell'd,
Than *reaſon*, his ambition. Man *muſt* ſoar.
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive ſpring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd ſlave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
Echo the proud Aſſyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Becauſe *immortal* as their lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of heaven.
Nor abſolutely vain is *human* praiſe,
When human is ſupported by *divine*.
I 'll introduce Lorenzo to Himſelf;
Pleaſure and *pride* (bad maſters!) ſhare our hearts,
As love of *pleaſure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of *praiſe* is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praiſe*, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? From *that*, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The baſis, on which *love of glory* builds.

Nor

Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret ſtimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirſt of applauſe is virtue's *ſecond* guard;
Reaſon, her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our *private* reaſon is a flatterer;
Thirſt of applauſe calls *public* judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *fifth* proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill:
Why this ſo nice conſtruction of our hearts?
Theſe delicate moralities of *ſenſe*;
This *conſtitutional* reſerve of aid
To ſuccour virtue, when our *reaſon* fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of diſciplines, and pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted rich, to daſh againſt a rock?
Were man to periſh when moſt fit to live,
O how miſ-ſpent were all theſe ſtratagems,
By ſkill divine invowen in our frame!
Where are heaven's holineſs and mercy fled?
Laughs heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man*?
If not, why *that* diſcourag'd, *this* deſtroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What ſays *avarice*?
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *Thine*:

"The wife and wealthy are the fame,"—I grant it.
To ſtore up treaſure, with inceſſant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his higheſt praiſe.
To this great end keen *inſtinct* ſtings him on.
To guide that inſtinct, *reaſon!* is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treaſure lies:
But, reaſon failing to diſcharge her truſt,
Or to the deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *induſtry*,
Gall'd by the ſpur, but ſtranger to the courſe,
(The courſe where ſtakes of more than gold are won)
O'er-loading, with the cares of diſtant age,
The jaded ſpirits of the *preſent* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"*Thou ſhalt not covet*," is a wiſe command;
But bounded to the wealth the ſun ſurveys:
Look farther, the command ſtands quite revers'd,
And *avarice* is a virtue moſt divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happineſs?*
Moſt ſure: and is it not for *reaſon* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguiſhable thirſt of gain?
From inextinguiſhable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *ſkies*,
Had wanted wing to fly ſo far in *guilt*.
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
Yet ſtill their root is *immortality*:
Theſe its wild growths ſo bitter, and ſo baſe,
(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their poiſonous lee,

And

And make them ſparkle in the bowl of *bliſs*.
See, the *third witneſs* laughs at bliſs remote,
And falſely promiſes an Eden here:
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, though prone to lye,
A common cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her name.
To pleaſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now *firſt* thy *real* friend.
Since nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happineſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant *ſenſe* affords
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heaven-born bluſhes tell us man *deſcends*,
Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliſs:
Should *reaſon* take her infidel repoſe,
This honeſt *inſtinct* ſpeaks our lineage high;
This inſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *ſhame*,
And he that 's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
The man that bluſhes is not quite a *brute*.
Thus far with Thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleaſure, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.
The witneſſes are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
Let *conſcience* file the ſentence in her court,
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:
Thus ſeal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

" Know, All; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
" 'Tis *immortality* your nature ſolves;
" 'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,
" And opens all the myſteries of his make.
" Without it, half his *inſtincts* are a riddle;
" Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.
" His very *crimes* atteſt his dignity;
" His fateleſs thirſt of *pleaſure, gold,* and *fame,*
" Declares him born for bleſſings *infinite:*
" What leſs than infinite makes un-abſurd
" *Paſſions,* which *all* on earth but more inflames?
" Fierce paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to *this* ſcene,
" Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,
" Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
" For *earth* too large, preſage a nobler flight,
" And evidence our title to the *ſkies.*"

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from *corruption* ſprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their *miſtreſs,* not their *mother.* All
(And juſtly) *reaſon* deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur, in the *paſſions* too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent, and glorious end;
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In Paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere Adam fell; though wiſer in their aim,
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by providence,
What though our *paſſions* are run mad, and ſtoop

With

With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, through their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us, whence they fell:
But *theſe* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),
When *reaſon* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential end,
For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were *reaſon* filent, boundleſs *paſſion* ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible All; and All is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre through the human ſphere:
Conſider man as *mortal*, All is dark,
And wretched; *reaſon* weeps at the ſurvey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, *modern* reaſon: *Antient* times were wiſe.
"*Authority*, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
"(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
"Deny'd this immortality to man."

I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I 'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glittering through their romantic wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high-ſeaſon'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
" Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
" The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
" A bed of roſes, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, This! As *doctrine*, it was ſtrange;
But not, as *prophecy*; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought,
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? Thoſe towering thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights?—From *inſtinct*, and from *pride*.
The glorious *inſtinct* of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confus'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In *luſt's* dominion, and in *paſſion's* ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reaſon* diſbeliev'd.
Pride, like the Delphic prieſteſs, with a ſwell,
Rav'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be *future* ſenſe,
When life *immortal*, in full day, ſhould ſhine;
And *death's dark ſhadows* fly the goſpel ſun.
They ſpoke, what nothing but *immortal* ſouls
Could ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd, prov'd.
Can then *abſurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal?* All things ſpeak him ſo.
Much has been urg'd: And doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſs'd,
All unreſolvable, if *earth* is all.
" Why life, a moment; infinite, deſire?
" Our wiſh, Eternity? Our home, the Grave?
" Heaven's *promiſe* dormant lies in human *hope*;
" Who *wiſhes* life immortal, proves it too.
" Why happineſs purſued, though never found?
" Man's thirſt of happineſs declares *It is*,
" (For nature never gravitates to nought);
" That thirſt unquench'd declares *It is not Here*.
" *My* Lucia, *Thy* Clariſſa, call to thought;
" Why *cordial friendſhip* riveted ſo deep,
" As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
" If friend, and friendſhip, vaniſh in an hour?
" Is not This torment in the maſk of joy?
" Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *ſenſe?*
" Why *paſt*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
" And putting all our *preſent* joys to death?
" Why labours *reaſon? inſtinct* were as well;

"[illegible] far better: what can [illegible] can [illegible]:
"[illegible] the [illegible]
"[illegible] well [illegible] were half as [illegible]
"[illegible] with [illegible] was it war?
"[illegible] of [illegible]? [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible], a [illegible] of [illegible],
And [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible].
[illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
If [illegible] future [illegible] [illegible] Here:
[illegible]—[illegible], and a [illegible] [illegible],
All [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], a [illegible] [illegible];
Which, were it [illegible], would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; were it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lye?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
The future of the present is the soul:
How this life groans, when sever'd from the *next*!
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In *both* parts perishes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *Eternity* in pain!
Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.

"*Grief*

" *Grief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere while.
" The future *vaniſh'd!* and the preſent *pain'd!*
" Strange import of unprecedented ill!
" Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
" Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
" From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
" The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To night! To *nothing*, darker ſtill than night!
" If 't was a *dream*, why wake me, my worſt Foe,
" Lorenzo! boaſtful of the name of Friend!
" O for deluſion! O for error ſtill!
" Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to plant
" A *thinking* being in a world like This,
" Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curſt than at the *fall?*—The ſun goes out!
" The thorns ſhoot up! What thorns in every thought!
" Why ſenſe of better? It imbitters worſe.
" Why ſenſe? why life? If but to ſigh, then ſink
" To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
" Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what was
" wont
" To flatter moſt, high *intellectual powers!*
" *Thought, virtue, knowledge!* bleſſings, by *thy* ſcheme,
" All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, *knowledge*, once
" My ſoul's ambition, *now* her greateſt dread.
" To *know myſelf*, true wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
" That ſhocking ſcience, parent of deſpair!
" Avert thy mirror: if I ſee, I die.
" *Know my Creator?* Climb His bleſt abode
" By painful ſpeculation, pierce the veil,

" Dive

" Dive in His nature, read His attributes,
" And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
" Obtruding life, with-holding happineſs!
" From the full rivers that ſurround his throne,
" Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
" Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
" To curſe his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
" Ye ſable clouds! ye darkeſt ſhades of night!
" Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
" Once all my comfort; ſource, and ſoul of joy!
" Now leagu'd with furies, and with * *Thee*, againſt me.
" *Know His atchievements?* Study His renown?
" Contemplate this amazing univerſe,
" Dropt from His hand, with miracles replete!
" For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
" To find one miracle of *miſery?*
" To find the Being, which alone can *know*
" And *praiſe* His works, a blemiſh on His praiſe?
" Through nature's ample range, in thought, to ſtroll.
" And ſtart at *man*, the ſingle mourner There,
" Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and
" death?
" Knowing is ſuffering: and ſhall *virtue* ſhare
" The ſigh of *knowledge?*—Virtue ſhares the ſigh.
" By ſtraining up the ſteep of *excellent*,
" By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
" What gain ſhe, but the pang of ſeeing worth,
" *Angelic* worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
" With every vice, and ſwept to *brutal* duſt?

" Merit

* Lorenzo.

" Merit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
" A crime to *reaſon*, if it coſts us pain
" *Unpaid*: what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *abandon'd*, after days
" Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
" As *ſoft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
" *Duty! Religion!*—Theſe, our duty done,
" Imply reward. *Religion* is miſtake.
" *Duty!*—There 's none, but to repel the cheat.
" Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!.
" Who feign yourſelves the favourites of the ſkies:
" Ye towering hopes! abortive energies!
" That toſs, and ſtruggle, in my *lying* breaſt,
" To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions There,
" As I were heir of an *Eternity*.
" Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
" As bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
" All is inverted, *wiſdom* is a fool.
" *Senſe!* take the rein; blind *paſſion!* drive us on;
" And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
" Ye *new*, but *trueſt* patrons of our peace!
" Yes; give the *pulſe* full empire; live the *brute*,
" Since, as the brute, we die. The *ſum* of man,
" Of Godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
" *Their* revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *they* never poiſons chuſe.
" *Inſtinct*, than *reaſon*, makes more wholſome meals,
" And ſends all-marring murmur far away.

" For *ſenſual* life *they* beſt philoſophize;
" *Theirs*, that *ſerene*, the *ſages* ſought in vain:
" 'Tis *man* alone expoſtulates with heaven;
" *His*, all the *power*, and all the *cauſe*, to mourn.
" Shall *human* eyes *alone* diſſolve in tears?
" And bleed, in anguiſh, none but *human* hearts?
" The wide-ſtretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
" Surpaſſing *ſenſual* far, is All our Own.
" In *life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
" Caſt in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death*?
" Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
" Why thunder'd this peculiar *clauſe* againſt us,
" *All-mortal and All-wretched!*—Have the ſkies
" Reaſons of ſtate, their ſubjects may not ſcan,
" Nor *humbly* reaſon, when they *ſorely* ſigh?
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—'Tis too much:
" Unparallel'd in nature: 'tis too much
" On being *unrequeſted* at Thy hands,
" Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but *power*.
" And why ſee That? Why *thought*? To toil, and eat,
" Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
" What ſuperfluities are *reaſoning* ſouls!
" Oh give Eternity! or Thought deſtroy.
" But without thought our curſe were half unfelt;
" Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart;
" And, *therefore*, 'tis beſtow'd, I thank thee, *Reaſon!*
" For aiding *life's* too ſmall calamities,
" And giving being to the dread of *death*.
" Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much

" For *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
" Too much for *heaven* to make one emmet more?
" Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
" A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, *untormented* into *man?*
" Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
" Wretched capacity of phrenzy, *thought!*
" Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
" *Life, thought, worth, wiſdom,* All (O foul revolt!)
" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too: O death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heaven!
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
" Why in this thorny *wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there 's no *promis'd land's* ambroſial bower,
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of heaven
" To ſting us ſore, why *mockt* our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *deſpair?*
" At ſtated periods, ſure-returning, roll
" Theſe *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers,
" And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
" That man may languiſh in *luxurious* ſcenes,
" And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For *ſuch* delights! Bleſt *animals!* too wiſe

" To

" To *wonder*; and too happy to *complain!*
" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful ſcene:
" Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
" Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den,
" For man to howl in? Why not his abode
" Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
" A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expence
" Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders,
" As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
" Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire;
" If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
" While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire inflames,
" The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
" And, round us, *death's* inexorable hand
" Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.
" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
" Once, I beheld a ſun; a ſun which gilt
" That ſable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
" How the *grave*'s alter'd! Fathomleſs, as hell!
" A *real* hell to thoſe who dreamt of heaven.
" Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
" Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *ſenſe*,
" The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
" An out-caſt from exiſtence! and this ſpirit,
" This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
" This particle of energy divine,
" Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
" And viſits gods, and emulates their powers,
" For ever is extinguiſht. Horror! death!
" Death of *that* death I *fearleſs* once ſurvey'd!—

" When

" When horror *univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
" How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbiſh of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common maſs
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *The ſons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! The property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday, and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy tranſit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer ſully their Creator's *name.*

Lorenzo! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this hiſtory? If *ſuch* is man,
Mankind's hiſtorian, though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo ſmile!—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
And art thou then a ſhadow? Leſs than ſhade?
A Nothing? *Leſs* than Nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be,* is lower than Unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taſte of *pleaſure* high?
Why patronize ſure death of every joy?

Charm

Charm *riches?* Why chuſe beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleaſure, avarice, perſuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They * lately *prov'd*, the ſoul's ſupreme deſire.
What art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?
Great *nature's* maſter-appetite deſtroy'd!
Is endleſs life, and happineſs, deſpis'd?
Or both wiſh'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverſe, eternal war with heaven!
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of tranſitory forms,
Riſing, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic deity, blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to Thee:
Oh! ſpare this *waſte* of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *œconomy* of heaven.
Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bleſs*:
And ſhall it, then, ſtrike off the liſt of life,
A being bleſt, or worthy *ſo* to be?
Heaven ſtarts at an *annihilating* God.
Is That, all *nature* ſtarts at, thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt.

What

* In Night VI.

What deadly poiſon has thy nature drunk;
To nature undebauch'd no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's *firſt* wiſh is *endleſs happineſs*;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But, firſt, he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroy'd.
If ſo; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of deſperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal poſture of the ſoul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp ſo black a ſcheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to duſt?
There 's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one eternal flux
Of feeble eſſences, tumultuous driven
Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyſs.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's toſſing thought
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *ſomething* to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *baſe*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *deſtruction* to refund her ſpoil?

Command the grave reſtore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harveſt yield,
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand depoſit truſted *there?*
Is there no *potentate*, whoſe out-ſtretch'd arm,
When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul *devaſtation's* famiſh'd maw,
Binds *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings cluſtering round!
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by heaven's omnipotence *in ſmiles*,
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the waves)
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliſs!
An all-prolific, all preſerving God!
This were a God indeed.—And ſuch *is* man,
As here preſum'd: he riſes from his fall.
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the *trumpet's* call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us, round heaven's throne
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this *outlet* to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe,

How

How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſh'd *hope* expire!
How bright *my* proſpect ſhines! how gloomy, *thine!*
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *loſt*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial but our miſery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater *ſuch* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, ſo far from *great* (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there 's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a ſhadow; *conſciouſneſs*, a dream:
A dream, how dreadful! Univerſal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding *night*,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! doſt thou *feel* theſe arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How haſt thou dar'd the deity dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* Him of a world like this?
If *ſuch* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cauſe of miſery?
Retract, blaſphemer! and unriddle *this*,

Of endleſs arguments *above, below,*
Without us, and *within*, the ſhort reſult—
" *If man 's immortal, there 's a God in heaven.*"
But wherefore ſuch redundancy? ſuch waſte
Of argument? One ſets *my* ſoul at reſt!
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart.*
So juſt the ſkies, Philander's life ſo pain'd,
His heart ſo pure; *that,* or *ſucceeding* ſcenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
" *What an old tale is this!*" Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy ſoul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: be wiſe, nor make
Heaven's higheſt bleſſing, vengeance; O be wiſe!
Nor make a curſe of *immortality.*
Say, know'ſt thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'ſt thou th' *importance* of a ſoul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thouſand add; add twice ten thouſand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* ſoul outweighs them all;
And calls th' aſtoniſhing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor.*
For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Truſt not in words, but deeds; and deeds no leſs
Than thoſe of the Supreme; nor His, a few;
Conſult them *all*; conſulted, all proclaim
Thy ſoul's importance; tremble at thyſelf;

For

For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd ſo long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this ſmall province of His vaſt domain
(All *nature* bow, while I pronounce His Name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* ſole end,
To reſcue ſouls from death? The *ſoul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the ſkies.
The *ſoul's high price* is the *Creation's Key*.
Unlocks its myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine cauſe of every deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correſpondence, and unites
Moſt diſtant periods in one bleſt deſign:
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two but ſervants to the third:
To that there duty done, they both expire,
Their *maſs* new-caſt, forgot their *deeds renown'd*;
And angels aſk, "*Where once they ſhone ſo fair?*"
To lift us from this abject, to ſublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to ſerene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' Almighty, riſing, his long ſabbath broke!
The world was made; was ruin'd; was reſtor'd;
Laws from the ſkies were publiſh'd; were repeal'd;
On *earth* kings, kingdoms, roſe; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd ſages lighted up the *pagan* world;

Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through diſtant age; ſaints travel'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders ſacred nature flood controul'd;
The living were tranſlated; dead were raiſ'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven;
And, oh! for *this*, deſcended lower ſtill;
Guilt was hell's gloom; aſtoniſh'd at his gueſt,
For one ſhort moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do leſs?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools ſcoff at, was inſpir'd,
Of all theſe truths thrice venerable code!
Deiſts! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall proſtrate, ere you touch it, leſt you die.
Nor leſs intenſely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than thoſe of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a ſcene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Riſe to the thought; exert, expand thy ſoul
To take the vaſt idea: it denies
All *elſe* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe againſt Afric; warring worlds!
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of ſtrife!
This ſublunary ball—But ſtrife, for what?
In their own cauſe conflicting? No; in *thine*,
In *man's*. His *ſingle* intereſt blows the flame;
His the ſole ſtake; his fate the trumpet ſounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous ſwarms of deities in arms!
Force, force oppoſing, till the waves run high,

And

And tempeſt nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern,
Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in heaven.*"
From heaven's high cryſtal mountain where it hung,
Th' Almighty's out-ſtretch'd arm took down his bow,
And ſhot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers *man*, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm?
He ſleeps.—And art thou ſhock'd at *myſteries?*
The greateſt, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counſel *mortals* cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view ſupports
My former argument! How ſtrongly *ſtrikes*
Immortal life's full demonſtration, *here!*
Why this exertion? Why this ſtrange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Becauſe, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſt, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;
Or ſtand, or fall; no matter which; he 's gone.
Becauſe Immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.
Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes:

Hence, the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight:
Hence, every ſoul has partiſans above,
And every thought a critic in the ſkies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a paſſion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid;
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis and awe,
He ſpoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder and in ſtorm.
Witneſs, thou Sinai! whoſe cloud-cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent God;
Witneſs, ye *billows!* whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
Witneſs, ye *flames!* th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew
To ſevenfold rage, as impotent, as ſtrong:
And thou, *earth!* witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er * *preſumption's* ſacrilegious ſons:
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd
The *ſoul's high price*, and ſworn it to the wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike *this truth* through adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is deluſion; *nature* is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from *reaſon's* keeneſt eye;

There-

* Korah, &c.

There 's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate), or heaven
Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize;
Or all is Nothing, or that prize is all.—
And ſhall each *toy* be ſtill a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thouſand worlds to *cure*?
Lorenzo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine to ſee),
All *nature*, and her God (by nature's *courſe*,
And nature's courſe *control'd*) declare for me:
The ſkies above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
And, "man *immortal!*" all below reſounds.
The world 's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools;
If *honeſt*, learn'd; and *ſages* o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *reaſon*, or thy *ſenſe*; or, to *believe*?
What then is *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;
A ſtrenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
Muſt burſt through every bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.
But wherefore, *infamy*?—For want of *faith*,
Down the ſteep precipice of *wrong* he ſlides;
There 's nothing to ſupport him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting is at leaſt

In

In *embryo*, every weakneſs, every guilt;
And ſtrong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme;
And his ſupreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, *avarice*, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect *wiſdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-ſtone, covers all:
Theſe find employment, and provide for *ſenſe*
A richer paſture, and a larger range;
And *ſenſe* by right divine aſcends the throne,
When *virtue's* prize and proſpect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
Would heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
" Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *intereſt* wed;
Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality*;
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *puniſhments* make God ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conſcience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me, *He 's a knave*.
His *duty* 'tis, to love himſelf *alone*;
Nor care though mankind periſh, if he ſmiles.
Who thinks ere long the man ſhall *wholly* die,

Is dead already; nought but *brute* ſurvives.
And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loſs of being,
Being, the baſis of the Deity!
Aſk you the *cauſe?*—The cauſe they will not tell:
Nor *need* they: Oh the ſorceries of *ſenſe!*
They work this transformation on the ſoul,
Diſmount her, like the ſerpent at the fall,
Diſmount her from her native wing (which ſoar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the duſt, and *crawl* in ſuch a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reaſon*, and of *hope!*
Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averſe to ſenſe!
Boaſters of liberty, faſt bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the ſhame!
More *ſenſeleſs* than th' *irrationals* you ſcorn!
More *baſe* than thoſe you rule! Than thoſe you pity,
Far more *undone!* O ye moſt infamous
Of beings, from ſuperior dignity!
Deepeſt in woe from means of boundleſs bliſs!
Ye curſt by bleſſings infinite! becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motly maſs of *contradiction* ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your ſouls fly off
In exhalation ſoft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *againſt* you?
In the coarſe drudgeries and ſinks of *ſenſe*,

Your

Your ſouls have quite worn out the make of heaven,
By vice new-caſt, and creatures of your own:
But though you can *deform*, you can't *deſtroy*;
To *curſe*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere, rapt by miracle, by *reaſon* wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole ſphere of man;
Of this vaſt univerſe to make the tour;
In each receſs of *ſpace*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundleſs intereſts *there*,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and intire;
Truth in the *ſyſtem*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm; who moſt *examine*, moſt *believe*.
Parts, like half-ſentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the ſenſe, and God is underſtood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, ſceptic! then reply.
This, *this*, is *thinking free*, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.

Turn

Turn up thine eye, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon boundleſs orbs, to godlike *man?*
Thoſe numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *ſuch* a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is ſuch a point:
And, of *that* point, how *ſmall* a part enſlaves!
How ſmall a part—of *nothing*, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treaſure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narciſſa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an aweful voice,
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this *tranſportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot, they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt *ocean* lies before thee;
There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clariſſa ſails.
Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of ſouls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-ſtar*; make the land of life.
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,

And two of death; the *laſt* far more ſevere.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the ſun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* ſubſiſts on higher food,
Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* ſun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in ſtubborn guilt)
'Tis *utter* darkneſs; ſtrictly *double* death.
We ſink by no *judicial* ſtroke of heaven,
But nature's *courſe*; as ſure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, muſt alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkneſs blend not in one ſphere)
'Tis manifeſt, Lorenzo! *who* muſt change.
If, then, that *double death* ſhould prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rationals*, heaven arms
With an illuſtrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own moſt gracious ends;
And this, of ſtrict neceſſity, not choice;
That power deny'd, *men*, *angels*, were no more
But paſſive engines, void of praiſe or blame.
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
Elſe idle *reaſon* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliſs.
Heaven *wills* our happineſs, *allows* our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heaven but *perſuades*, almighty man *decrees*;

Man

Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he *muſt*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful ſecret—That he lives for Ever.
Why *this* to Thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of ſecond life? But wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wiſh'd;
And, when unwiſh'd, we *ſtrive* to diſbelieve.
"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *ſole* detection! Bluſh, Lorenzo!
Bluſh for hypocriſy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd?*—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? A *dream?* A *fable?*—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *ſtrong*,
Affords my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport!
How *diſbelief* affirms what it denies!
"*It, unawares, aſſerts immortal life.*"—
Surpriſing! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confeſſion of our ſins:*
Apoſtates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo claſh no more;
Nor longer a *tranſparent* vizor wear.
Think'ſt thou, Religion *only* has her maſk?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worſt, and, at the bottom, *fail.*
When viſited by thought (thought *will* intrude),

Like

Like him they ſerve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.
Is there hypocriſy ſo foul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *deteſtation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape
That Chriſtian candour they *ſtrive* hard to ſcorn:
If not for that aſylum, they might find
A hell on *earth*; nor 'ſcape a worſe *below*.
With inſolence, and impotence of thought,
Inſtead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—
But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire reſult?
Can thy proud *reaſon* brook ſo black a brand?
From *purer manners*, to *ſublimer faith*,
Is nature's unavoidable aſcent;
An *boneſt* deiſt, where the goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Chriſtian* ends.
When that bleſt change arrives, e'en caſt aſide
This ſong ſuperfluous; *life immortal* ſtrikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Chriſtian* dwells, like * Uriel, in the ſun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
And ardent *hope* anticipates the ſkies.
Of *that* bright ſun, Lorenzo! ſcale the ſphere;
'Tis eaſy! it invites thee; it deſcends
From heaven to wooe, and waft thee whence it came:
Read and revere the *ſacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce;

Which

* Milton.

Which not the *conflagration* ſhall deſtroy,
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In nature's ruins not one letter loſt.
In proud diſdain of what ev'n gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and *men*, aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
How vicious hearts fume phrenzy to the brain!
Paris puſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit's* cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the ſkies,
By *loſs of being*, dreadfully ſecure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *This* is All, if *earth* a *final* ſcene,
Take heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a *knave*,
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Should'ſt thou be *good*—how infinite thy loſs!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Bleſt ſcheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.
If ſo, *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boaſt
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man?*
Annihilation! I confeſs, in *theſe*.
What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philoſophers the converts of a *ſong?*
Yet know, *its* * *title* flatters *you*, not *me*;
Yours be the praiſe to make *my* title good;

* The Infidel Reclaimed.

Mine, to bleſs heaven, and triumph in *your* praiſe.
But ſince ſo peſtilential your diſeaſe,
Though ſovereign is the medicine I preſcribe,
As yet, I 'll neither triumph, nor deſpair:
But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wiſdom*—to be wiſe:
For why ſhould ſouls immortal, made for bliſs,
E'er wiſh (and wiſh in vain!) that ſouls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The wiſh, and aim, and labour of the ſkies;
Increaſe, and *enter* on the joys of heaven:
Thus ſhall my title paſs a *ſacred* ſeal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from Above,
While angels ſhout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*

To cloſe, Lorenzo! ſpite of all my pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that thou ſhould'ſt live *for ever?*
Is it *leſs* ſtrange, that thou ſhould'ſt live *at all?*
This is a miracle; and *That* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art*: Then, doubt if thou *ſhalt be*.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
Is man: and ſtarts his faith at what is *ſtrange?*
What leſs than wonders, from the *wonderful*;
What leſs than miracles, from God, can flow?
Admit a God—that myſtery ſupreme!
That cauſe uncaus'd! all other wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do:
Deny Him—all is myſtery beſides;
Millions of myſteries! *Each* darker far,
Than *that* thy wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.

If

If *weak* thy faith, why chuſe the harder ſide?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So *weak* our *reaſon*, and ſo *great* our God,
What moſt ſurprizes in the *ſacred page*,
Or full as ſtrange, or ſtranger, *muſt* be true.
Faith is not *reaſon's* labour, but repoſe.
To *faith*, and *virtue*, why ſo backward, man?
From hence:—The *preſent* ſtrongly ſtrikes us all;
The *future*, faintly; can we, then, be *men?*
If men, Lorenzo! the *reverſe* is right.
Reaſon is man's peculiar: *Senſe*, the brute's.
The *preſent* is the ſcanty realm of *ſenſe*;
The *future*, *reaſon's* empire unconfin'd:
On *that* expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
There, builds her *bleſſings!* There, expects her *praiſe*;
And nothing aſks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
And what is *reaſon?* Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
Reaſon is *upright ſtature* in the *ſoul*.
Oh! be a *man*; and ſtrive to be a *god*.
"For what? (thou ſay'ſt) To damp the joys of life?"
No; to give *heart* and *ſubſtance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *hope*; mark how ſhe domineers;
She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
Safety and peace for hazard, and alarm;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* ſits,
Though bearing crowns, to ſpring at *diſtant* game;

And plunge in toils and dangers—for repoſe.
If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little ſtay,
Can ſweeten toils, and dangers into joys;
What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unaſk'd? Rich hope of boundleſs bliſs!
Bliſs, paſt *man's* power to paint it; *time's* to cloſe!
This hope is earth's moſt eſtimable prize:
This is man's portion; while no more than man:
Hope, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us *here*;
Paſſions of prouder name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her *tears*; and *tranſport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though ſtrong,
Man's heart, at once, *inſpirits*, and *ſerenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
'Tis all our preſent ſtate can *ſafely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a *chaſtis'd* delight!
Like the fair ſummer evening, mild, and ſweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradiſe below!
A bleſt hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is All; our *whole* of happineſs: full proof,
I choſe no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to ſong! (well-meaning men,
Though quite forgotten * half your Bible's praiſe!)
Important truths, in ſpite of *verſe*, may pleaſe:
Grave minds you praiſe; nor can you praiſe too much:
If there is weight in an Eternity,
Let the *grave* liſten;—and be *graver* ſtill.

NIGHT

* The poetical parts of it.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleaſure, with the Wit and Wiſdom of the World.

AND has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead againſt thee?
And is thy ſoul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, All, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, bleſt.
Unbleſt immortals!—What can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects *the world*;
There, ſtows his treaſure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In antient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age,
When men were men, and not aſham'd of heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong;
To Thee, the *world how fair!* How ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay *pleaſure* ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *theſe* my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy *wit*, or *wiſdom*, be forgot.
Common the theme; not ſo the ſong; if fate
My ſong invokes, Urania, deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes, where theſe ſparks of night, theſe *ſtars*, ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things, as they *are*,
The bleſt behold;) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight;
A blaze—the leaſt illuſtrious object *there*.

Lorenzo! ſince *eternal* is at hand,
To ſwallow *time's* ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *higheſt?* O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What towering hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms, where a ſpirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In boſoms read
By *Him*, who foibles in archangels ſees!

On

On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! *That* the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and This, unrival'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of *pleaſure*, *grandeur*, *gold*,
Three *dæmons* that divide its realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious *promiſe* angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimæras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!

[redacted] **How frail**, men, things! how momentary, both!
[redacted] **ſtic chace** of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
[redacted] **the *buſy***, equal, though unlike;
[redacted] **wiſdom**, differently wiſe!
wery meadows, and through dreary wa[redacted]es,

One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There 's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of *buſineſs* tell us—"What are men;"
The ſcenes of *pleaſure*—"What is all beſide;"
There, others we deſpiſe; and *Here*, ourſelves.
Amid *diſguſt* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The *ſenſual*, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the ſwift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd;
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!
"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inſpire.
Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly *frowns*?
Turn the world's hiſtory; what find we there,
But *fortune's* ſports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the knell,

It

It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the listening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time*;
Sad tale; which high as Paradise begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-seen.
Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lyes;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by One and One,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the pole.

O Thou, who dost permit these ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'st that man should mourn!
O Thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,

Who

Who know'ſt it beſt, and would'ſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, though leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid; Thou, a dream.
They doat! on what? *Immortal virtue* ſpurn'd,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; All alike in This,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes, and fears,
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious All to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt general blaſt of life:
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
Or *virtue's* helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven,

And

And ſuffering more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *terrors* frowning round,
(Though lately feaſted high at * Albion's coſt)
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral truth*, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with ſanguine chear, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All, in ſome darling enterprize embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide, *ſome* win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Though ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, *moſt*; *ſome* ſink outright;

O'er

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born
(Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet ev'n These,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain
Free from misfortune, not from nature free.
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal *time*, as *storm*! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless disease
In ruin end: and, now, their proud success
But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply drown'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
Convince *me* most of human misery;
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow!*
More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave *can* be;
Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!

What

What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is This a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
"But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
"Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
The plainer they, thee deeper wilt thou sigh:
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The best that can befal the best on earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:
Yes, on Florello look: a *father's* heart
Is tender, though the *man's* is made of stone;
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.
Florello lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;

Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The taſk
Injoin'd muſt diſcipline his early powers;
He learns to figh, ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* ſuch, with *neceſſary* pains,
We purchaſe proſpects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, This might ſteal a figh.

Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill);
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps incloſure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like antient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world 's a tutor more ſevere;
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching All his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inſpir'd.

For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at diſtance, in his ſight)
And, in their hoſpitable arms, incloſe:
Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reaſon's* golden rule,
All weakneſs of *affection* quite ſubdued:
Men, that would bluſh at being *thought* ſincere,

And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to Them, *vice* ſhone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for Florello's ſake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſh'd falſehood bright;
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace;
All ſoft ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe, in politeneſs, ſheath'd;
His friends eternal—during intereſt;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wiſe as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through Theſe (ſo common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel courſe he runs,
Stung out of All, moſt amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and ſmiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his ſpecies, wide diffus'd;
Noble preſumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous truſt, and confidence of love.
Theſe claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a ſigh; till time, and pains,
From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool, *Experience*,
And her aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale, *Diſtruſt*,
Purchaſe a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through ſerpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human-hearts.
And happy! if the clue ſhall come ſo cheap;

For,

For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If leſs than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a ſtrange kind of curſt neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling temper of his ſoul,
By baſe alloy, to bear the current ſtamp,
Beleiv call'd wiſdom; ſinks him into ſafety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where ſpecious titles dignify diſgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reaſon prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unſurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to ſchool;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wiſe,
His plan had practis'd, long before 't was writ.
The world 's all *title-page*; there 's no *contents*;
The world 's all *face*; the man who ſhews his *heart*,
Is whooted for his nudities, and ſcorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a ſmile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankeſt venom foam'd through every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on every *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch proficients thou art half a ſaint.
In foreign realms (for thou haſt travel'd far)
How curious to contemplate two ſtate-rooks,
Studious their neſts to feather in a trice,

With all the *necromantics* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court ſweet-meats of their latent gall,
In fooliſh hope, to ſteal each other's truſt;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, ſometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be That their ſhame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would diſgrace a fool;
And loſe the thanks of thoſe few friends they ſerve?
For who can thank the man, he cannot *ſee?*
Why ſo much cover? It defeats itſelf.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts
Are therefore known, *becauſe* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cauſe they need not tell.
I give him joy, that 's aukward at a lye;
Whoſe feeble nature *truth* keeps ſtill in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to diſdain *diſguiſe*;
It ſhews our ſpirit, or it proves our ſtrength.
Thou ſay'ſt, 'Tis *needful*: is it therefore *right?*
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace,
To ſtrain at an excuſe: and wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel *need?* Thou may'ſt, with eaſe;
Think no poſt *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was ſhifting hands,
So Pulteney thought: think better if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill:

The world 's no neuter; it will wound, or ſave;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You ſay, The world, well-known, will make a *man*:
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to heaven,
Or make us *dæmons*, long before we die.
To ſhew how fair the world, *thy* miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take *either* part, ſure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment enſues.
Not *virtue's*-ſelf is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.
True friends to virtue, *laſt*, and *leaſt*, complain;
But if *they* ſigh, can *others* hope to ſmile?
If *wiſdom* has her miſeries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* ſuffer, what has earth to boaſt,
Where he *moſt* happy, who the *leaſt* laments!
Where *much*, *much* patience, the moſt envy'd ſtate,
And *ſome* forgiveneſs, needs, the beſt of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the ſhadow *here*.

The world's ſworn advocate, without a fee
Lorenzo ſmartly, with a ſmile, replies;
" Thus far thy ſong is right; and All muſt own,
" Virtue *has her peculiar ſet of pains*.—
" And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies?
" If vice it is, with nature to comply:
" If *pride*, and *ſenſe*, are ſo predominant,
" To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a ſaint,

" 'Can

" Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
" *Pleaſure*, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
Can *pride*, and *ſenſuality*, rejoice?
From purity of thought, all *pleaſure* ſprings;
And, from an humble ſpirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, *pleaſure!* let us talk of Theſe:
Of Theſe, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;
Of Theſe, each following age had much to ſay:
Yet, unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful theme.
Who talks of *theſe*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the ſaint from either free?
Are Theſe thy refuge?—No: theſe ruſh upon thee;
Thy vitals ſeize, and *vulture*-like, devour:
I 'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;
If *reaſon* can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, firſt, thy *Caucaſus*, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through miſtake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as H—— at his *Moor*.
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is:
Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in *diſtinction* lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By *fortune* ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals, All,
The monarch and his ſlave;—" A deathleſs ſoul,
" Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
" A Father God, and brothers in the ſkies;"

Elder, indeed, in time; but leſs remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can riſe?
If ſtill delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And with thy full-blown brothers of the *world*,
Throw ſcorn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves;
Thy ſlaves, and equals: how ſcorn caſt on Them
Rebounds on Thee! if man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If *fortune* makes him ſo,
Beware the conſequence: a maxim That,
Which draws a monſtrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the *man* is loſt;
Externals fluttering, and the ſoul forgot.
Thy greateſt glory, when diſpoſ'd to boaſt,
Boaſt *that* aloud, in which thy ſervants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their capariſons, of *men?*
It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*; thou art;
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
When, through death's ſtreights, *earth's* ſubtle ſerpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of fortune's *fucus* ſtrip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;

And

And let, what then remains, impoſe their name,
Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.
How mean that ſnuff of glory *fortune* lights,
And *death* puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
Of *real* Greatneſs? That man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly dies;
High-fluſh'd with hope, where heroes ſhall deſpair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought Greater, than an honeſt, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name *unknown*;
Whoſe worth unrival'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, ſmiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, ſhalt ſee.
But thy Great Soul this *ſkulking* glory ſcorns.
Lorenzo 's ſick, but when Lorenzo 's ſeen;
And, when he ſhrugs at public buſineſs, lyes.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal;
Mankind the gazers, the ſole figure, He.
Knows he, that mankind praiſe againſt their will,

And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithleſs *fame* her whiſper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing *All?*
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praiſe,
Or, from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter lining loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty Cæſar), crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By *ſeeming* friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in pride:
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain:
All vice wants *hellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* moſt purſued.
Who court applauſe, oblige the world in *this*;
They gratify man's paſſion to *refuſe*.
Superior honour, when *aſſum'd*, is *loſt*;
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
Though ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the *world's* cauſe, with half a face of joy,

Lorenzo

Lorenzo cries—" Be, then, *ambition* caſt;
" Ambition 's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
" Gay *pleaſure!* proud *ambition* is her ſlave;
" For Her, he ſoars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
" For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her ſmile:
" Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or, *ſhould?* Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure 's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure 's the miſtreſs of the world below;
And well it was for man, that *pleaſure* charms;
How would All ſtagnate, but for *pleaſure's* ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of *pleaſure:* that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold All in chains:
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt *pleaſure* court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or trangreſs their bounds.
Think you there 's but one whoredom? Whoredom, All,
But when our *reaſon* licenſes delight.
Doſt doubt, Lorenzo? Thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold!*

And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleaſure* is the mark:
For Her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For Her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *ſingle* ſacrifice may fall;
For Her, the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;
The Stoic proud, for *pleaſure*, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For Her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For Her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power!
And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.
But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *wiſe* offence;
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the *name*.
How knits *auſterity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praiſe*
Of *pleaſure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men *will* truſt: we can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?

Own

Own *honey ſweet*; but, owning, add this *ſting*;
"When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lye.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware*;"
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleaſure* is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleaſure*, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! Thou, her majeſty's renown'd,
Though uncoiſt counſel, learned in *the world!*
Who think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
May'ſt look on me. Yet, my Demoſthenes!
Canſt thou plead *pleaſure's* cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her *nature, purpoſe, parentage?*
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know Thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Caliſta; ſhe will laugh thee dead;
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abſurd preſumption! Thou who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wiſh;

Or, with the ſnout of groveling *appetite*,
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be loſt;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles and eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek Us; but *wiſdom* muſt be ſought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain.
  Firſt, *pleaſure's* birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grandeur, ſee.
Brought forth by *wiſdom*, nurſt by *diſcipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perſeverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard.
For what are *virtues?* (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind commands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliſs?—
Great Legiſlator! ſcarce ſo great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
  Of *pleaſure*, next, the final cauſe explore;
Its mighty *purpoſe*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleaſure* came from heaven.
In aid to *reaſon* was the goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.

Pleaſure,

Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours *virtue*; in return,
Virtue gives *pleaſure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life *natural*, *civil*, and *divine?*
'Tis from the pleaſure of repaſt, we live;
'Tis from the pleaſure of applauſe, we pleaſe;
'Tis from the pleaſure of belief, we pray
(All prayer would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize):
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the ſphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And foſters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but ſuch
As *muſt* be loſt, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"*What mean I by thy fall?*"—Thou 'lt ſhortly ſee,
While pleaſure's *nature* is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Thoſe glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleaſure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment, life, health, reaſon, joy;
From wild exceſs, pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
Heaven's juſtice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure, from a caſk
Unbroach'd by *juſt authority*, ungaug'd
By *temperance*, by *reaſon* unrefin'd?
A thouſand dæmons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd *theſe*,

Drink

Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
Angels are angels, from indulgence *there*;
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.
Doſt think thyſelf a god from other joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The wrong *muſt* mourn: can heaven's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by *Him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance, or harmony, ſhall riſe.
Heaven bade the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire;
Bade virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.
"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the ſame?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſource;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety; yet boaſt aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they ſtrive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute themſelves.
With *piety* begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's ſake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;

Some

Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindeſt actions, he 's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life;
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inſpires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God*, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heaven, and ſets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when waſt Thou at church *before?*
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long: but is it juſt?
Though juſt, unwelcome: thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the Muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good conſcience! at the ſound *the world* retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her *ſeraglio* full of charms;
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.

Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair-ones, thou the fairest chuse,
To chase thy gloom.—" Go, fix some weighty *truth*;
" Chain down some *passion*; do some *generous good*;
" Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
" Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy *greatest foe*;
" Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
" Spring up, and lay strong hold on *Him* who made thee."
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
Is half-immoral: is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.

Most

Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray:
Too happy to be ſportive, he 's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own expence)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſovereign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy *ſoul* alone at ſtake;
Alas!—Should men miſtake thee for a *fool*;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, ſenſe, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.
But *theſe*, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heaven *ſells* all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And *glory* the victorious *laurel* ſpreads
O'er *pleaſure's* pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of *pleaſure* is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.

Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poiſe,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, *theſe*
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of ſeverity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever:" It becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, *good* fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:

Yet

Yet *ſparing pledge*: *her* bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—" A rational repaſt;
" Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
" A military diſcipline of thought,
" To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field;
" And ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
'Tis *theſe* firſt give, then guard, a chearful heart.
Nought that is *right*, think little; well aware,
What reaſon bids, God bids; by *His* command
How aggrandiz'd, the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus, *nothing* is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee, inſipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
" *Mad!* (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
" Of antient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
" I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* ſtill,
But look it be thine *own*: Is *conſcience*, then,
No part of nature? Is ſhe not *ſupreme?*
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then, follow nature; and reſemble God.
When, ſpite of *conſcience*, pleaſure is purſued,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd:
And what 's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n Thee!
The *fact* thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *cauſe*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred intereſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her aweful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf: and is it greater pain,

Our *ſoul* ſhould murmur, or our *duſt* repine?
And one, in their eternal war, *muſt* bleed.
If one *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *ſenſe* to *mental* joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt, and future, forages for joy.
'Tis hers, by retroſpect, through *time* to range;
And forward *time's* great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the reſt to fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With every luſt, that wars againſt his peace:
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt, know; then love: a *ſelf* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *ſelf* there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *juſtice* robs,
Bleſt *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And god-like *magnanimity* deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—But when virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of *pleaſure* bids thee bleed;

Comply, or own ſelf-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For what is *vice*? Self-love in a miſtake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis ſelf-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread Power,
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate, *now*, ſcarce felt; *then* felt full-ſore,
When being, curſt; extinction, loud implor'd;
And every thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice:
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd,
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far afield:
The future pleaſes: why? The preſent pains.—
"But that 's a *ſecret*." Yes, which all men know;
And know from Thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From *inſtinct* ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, *Reaſon*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wiſe have joys.
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.

And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf, is *folly's* character;
As *wiſdom's* is, a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is *thy* good ſupreme;
Nor, but in motion, canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health,
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.
Falſe pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the *true*.
The *true* is fixt, and ſolid as a rock;
Slippery the *falſe*, and toſſing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That, like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.
Such angels, All, intitled to repoſe
On *Him* who governs fate: though tempeſt frowns,
Though nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on heaven!
To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting every beam of thought,

Till

Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to, heaven:
Hence, are *they* ſtudious of ſequeſter'd ſcenes;
While noiſe, and diſſipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revelings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bleſt,
But it compos'd, and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As *folly* might miſtake for want of joy.
A caſt, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's ſpring!
A ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid ſtream
Of rapturous exultation, ſwelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who tranſient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?
Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight;
Convulſions of a weak, diſtemper'd joy.
Joy 's a fixt ſtate; a tenure, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none, but *unprecarious* bliſs:
That is the gem: ſell All, and purchaſe That.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is ſure.

Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely* reign,
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; All outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop,
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In

In *this* is ſeen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and antient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence, what diſaſter!—Though the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot (ye gods!) though cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor *magnificence* is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expences, and parades auguſt,
And courts, that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of *fortune* ever bleſt the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holineſs*, and be revenge'd.

Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only conteſt, what deſerves the name.
Give *pleaſure's* name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic ſeal of *reaſon* (which, like Yorke,
Demurrs on what it paſſes), and defies
The tooth of time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,

And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our preſent, joy.
Sôme joys the future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Conſult thy *whole exiſtence*, and be ſafe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the leſſon, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heaven anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that *obſcure* his ſublunary day,
But never *conquer*: ev'n the *beſt* muſt own,
Patience, and *reſignation*, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, Theſe:
But thoſe of Seth not more remote from Thee,
Till *this* heroic leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at *pleaſure*, and to ſmile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded bliſs,
Heaven in reverſion, like the ſun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, chears us in this world;
It ſheds, on ſouls ſuſceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
" This (ſays Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:
" But can harangues blow back ſtrong nature's ſtream;
" Or ſtem the tide heaven puſhes through our veins,
" Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves,

" And

" And lays his labour level with the *world?*"
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakneſs to chimæra turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muſe preſcrib'd.
* Above, Lorenzo ſaw the man of earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch; whoſe heart, full-bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more; though bright, without a foil:
Obſerve his aweful portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips in ſeas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of *ſenſe*, and *paſſion's* ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptred, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! what higher praiſe?
What

* In a former Night.

From nobler recompence, above *applauſe*;
Which owes to man's *ſhort* out-look all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—" Where ſhines this miracle?
" From what root riſes this *immortal man?*"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
The root diſſect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
He follows nature (not like * thee) and ſhews us
An uninverted ſyſtem of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reaſon's* golden chain,
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxury.
His *paſſion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearleſs, and his *grief* (if grief
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair.
And why?—Becauſe, affection, more than meet,
His wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from heaven.
Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.
They moſt the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His *underſtanding* 'ſcapes the common cloud
Of fumes, ariſing from a boiling breaſt.
His head is clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The moderate movements of his ſoul admit
Diſtinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even ſcale;
Whence judgment ſound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus,

* See page 241. ver. 838.

Thus, in a double ſenſe, the *good* are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their *good ſupreme*,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall?
All ſhines to *them*, that for a ſeaſon ſhines.
Each act, each thought, *he* queſtions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"—
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmneſs, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by heaven!

Stand

Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know?—
Mad yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Syrens sing no more,
Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A single sentence proof against the *world*.
"*Soul, body, fortune!* Every good pertains
"To one of these; but prize not all alike;
"The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
"Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this;

Th' inverted *pyramid* can never ſtand.
Is this truth doubtful? It outſhines the ſun;
Nay, the ſun ſhines not, but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: As Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every ſail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye;
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! The moſt abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themſelves, the moment *reaſon* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us *what* their joy, by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.—But heaven denies
A cover to ſuch guilt; and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;

The ſtrangling cord, and ſuffocating ſtream;
The loathſome rottenneſs, and foul decays
From raging riot (flower ſuicides!)
And *pride* in theſe, more execrable ſtill!
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, theſe,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble ſong.
From *vice*, *ſenſe*, *fancy*, no man can be bleſt:
Bliſs is too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
O for a joy from *reaſon!* Joy from that,
Which makes man *man*; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more*: A *bounteous* joy! that gives,
And promiſes; that weaves, with art divine,
The richeſt proſpect into preſent peace:
A joy *ambitious!* Joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which *death* ſhall double, *judgment* crown!
Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each ſtage,
Through bleſt eternity's long day; yet ſtill,
Not more remote from *ſorrow*, than from *Him*,
Whoſe laviſh hand, whoſe love ſtupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty duſt.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preſence can improve my bliſs!
Affects not this the *ſages of the world?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes *ſerious thought* man's wiſdom, joy, and praiſe.

Nor need you bluſh (though ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on heaven:
Sole point! where *over-baſhful* is your blame.
Are you not *wiſe?*—You know you are: Yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous ſchemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if ſeen;
"Our ſchemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
"Is the ſole difference between wiſe and fool."
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* ſcale;
What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light?*
Is *their* eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of *common ſenſe*:
Thus, ſave your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.
The world *replies* not;—but the world *perſiſts*;
And puts the *cauſe* off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redreſs,
They then turn *witneſſes* againſt themſelves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow.
Haſte, haſte! A man, by nature, is in haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* ſure friend;
And that thou canſt not do, this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verſe* you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free;
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the Muſe plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in proſe)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;

And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But *praiſe* ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
Muſt die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page!* go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor ſhalt thou reſt
When thou art dead; in Stygian ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blaſphemer of his friend—the world;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner ſwarm;
Prudent, as Pruſſia, in her zeal for Gaul!
" Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,
But ſuch as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);
" The mother of true wiſdom is the *will*";
The nobleſt *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars and peace;
But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *moſt* indulgence can afford;—
" *Thy wiſdom all can do, but—make thee wiſe.*"
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee:
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

CON-

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John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SECOND.

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THE

POEMS

OF

YOUNG.

VOLUME III.

S M I O ?

O I M S

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL Survey of the NOCTURNAL Heavens.
II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

" —Fatis contraria fata rependens." VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour loſt;
Then chears his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where *diſappointment* ſmiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where, future wandering baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the ſweet hour of reſt,

I chace the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſooths our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and *death's* dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canſt thou, O *Night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!
Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Though far, far higher ſet, in aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.
Has not the Muſe aſſerted *pleaſures pure*,
Like thoſe above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if, beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmile 's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in *body* call for aid; the ſick
In *mind* are covetous of more diſeaſe;
And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well*.
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature's* bluſh by *cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love;
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet),

An

And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.
But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unsully'd shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its sables wove by *destiny*;
And *that* in sorrow bury'd; *this*, in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the last *year's* scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profest diversions!* cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;

And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: how like gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The *moiſt* of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins ſpread: man's *death*

Inhabit

Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *death!* I ſtretch my view: what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſpering faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the *wiſe*, and prancings of the *great*.
But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon, in flames.
But, like Caſſandra, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.

For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime miniſters of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When heaven's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate; down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.

Seeſt thou, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height

Out-

Out-burns Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her plowſhare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other *ſun!*—A ſun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlem! how unlike the Man,
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet *He* it is;
That Man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heaven deſcends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In nature's courſe; the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *this* awakes
The moſt ſupine; *this* ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardour wings her flight.

I find my inſpiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my ſubject is my Muſe.
At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *gloom*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood; Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? How? From whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* roſe from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.

At

At *thought* of thee!—and art thou *abſent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: deputed conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *ſure*.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *void* judgment paſs?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſert that God in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heaven!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,

As in a theatre, furround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the Judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd:
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.
'Tis *preſent* to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *gueſs*

The

The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the *proceſs*, and the *place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may *man* enquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, Where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity*?
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their powers ally'd,
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this faſt fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at One call, upſtarted from One bed,
Preſt in One croud, appall'd with One amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time's* offspring, *Death*, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Aweful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,

How

How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* ſmile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the *comet's* blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: What enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The *Godleſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Through deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.

Then,

Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* roſe,
To ſee *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty *dramatiſt's* laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd God, a God *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *knots*; to ſtrike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe!
And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.

What then am I?—

Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and *complains?*
Cenſure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *myſelf*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*; by God ordain'd or done;

And

And who, but God, resum'd the friends *He* gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, so long?
Complaining of his *favours*; *pain*, and *death*?
Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from *pain*; all punishment,
To make for *peace*; and death to save from *death*;
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous wive,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.
Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source
Of endless sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*;
And *nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights

Heaven, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As *night* to ſtars, *woe* luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that ſtands the Northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs *muſt* prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I 'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a *man*;
Who thinks *it is*, ſhall never be a *God*.
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
What ſpoke *proud paſſion?*—"* Wiſh my being loſt?"
Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is—That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be—*what?* Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by heaven's redundant love,

Made

* Referring to the Firſt Night.

Made half-adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy!
Where thou, not master of a moment here,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is Man.
No man too largely from heaven's love can hope.
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *ſecure*.
Ills?—there are none: *All-gracious!* none from thee!
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by *madneſs* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Firſt barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whoſe threats are *mercies*, whoſe injunctions, *guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, *reaſon's* choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, *unavoidable refults*
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* ſurvey'd,

Aught else the name of wonderful retains?
What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust!
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone—"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* Complaint,
Who like a *demon*, murmuring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!
For *all* I bless thee; most, for the *severe*;
* *Her* death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
It strengthens what it strikes; its wholsome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great Source of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain*, *death*, *gehenna*, Save.
Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
The *winter* is as needful as the *spring*;
The *thunder*, as the sun; a stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread Volcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;

* Lucia.

And, in their uſe, *eclipſes* learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for *ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt, "*That my heart has bled.*"
'Tis heaven's laſt effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bleſs, heaven quits us in deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which *reaſon* ends.
May heaven ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such ſmiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from exceſs.
My change of *heart* a change of *ſtyle* demands;
The Conſolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
And when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by view;

And,

id, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
uſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
ough ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
rough many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
e Muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *ſorrow* ſeen
human ways; and much of *falſe* and *vain*;
hich none, who travel this bad road, can miſs.
r *friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
love divine the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
ov'd man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *ſource of joy*;
e *grand tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
human grief: in *few*, to cloſe the whole,
e moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
ough not in form, nor with a Raphael-ſtroke,
moſt our weakneſs needs *believe*, or *do*,
this our land of travel and of hope,
r peace on *earth*, or proſpect of the *ſkies*.
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
o be diſcharg'd: theſe thoughts, O Night! are thine;
om thee they came, like lovers' ſecret ſighs,
hile others ſlept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
ſhadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her ſphere,
r ſhepherd chear'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
an I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
neath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
mortal ſilence! where ſhall I begin?
here end? Or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
o ſooth their goddeſs?

O majeſtic Night!
ature's great anceſtor! *day's* elder-born!

And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heaven's loom,
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heaven throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*nature's* moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O man! ſo *worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful?* What ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, His face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has *here* a previous ſcene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our ſpirits are inlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of *heaven*.
Heaven's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates bliſs;
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void,

The

The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres;
While of thy works *material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong,
Looſe me from *earth's* incloſure, from the *ſun's*
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to control,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the *ſun*
Be ſeen at *midnight*, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whoſe heart,
Whoſe *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy proſperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou *ſtranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *nature's* univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;

And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
Of *falſe* ambition if unchain'd, we 'll mount;
We 'll, *innocently*, ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *ſtars*;
A theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world.
Above miſconſtrued omens of the ſky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy ſoul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of *earth's* unwholſome air,
Will bloſſom *here*; ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardours; every power unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *ſhine*. At *nature's* birth,
Thus their commiſſion ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The *Stars* will light thee; though the *Moon* ſhould fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more aſtray!

In

* Night the Eighth.

In ways immoral? The *Stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the *Night* inspires.
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *Radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I 'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprize
An un-adept in mysteries of Night;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists *indeed*;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here*?—Th' existence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of Æther! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! *Thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sovereign cure
Of almost every vice; but chiefly *Thine*;
Wrath, *Pride*, *Ambition*, and *impure Desire*.
Lorenzo! Thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition*, *Pleasure!*
Those tyrants I for Thee so * lately fought,

* Night the Eighth.

Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
  Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*;
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himself*,
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most applause,
An *humble*, *pure*, and *heavenly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long?
  Nor stands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its repooof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;

Sweet

Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs *conſcious* being,
Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf:
Thus man his *ſovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercilious race,
Thou moſt inflammable! Thou waſp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inſpected*, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry ſpheres;
'Tis *nature's* ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celeſtial diſcord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat?—For what—a *clod*,
An inch of *earth?* The *planets* cry, "Forbear,"
They chace our double darkneſs; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our *intellectual* night.
And ſee, *day's* amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,

Which

Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkneſs, like a ſpy;
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, This moment, feel;
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wiſe!)
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! This diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night *Ten thouſand* ſhine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns un-numbered, down the ſteep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offſpring of Omnipotence!

Inanimate,

nate, all-animating birth! 760
: worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy praiſe!
raiſe! praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
raiſe *Divine!*—But though man, drown'd in ſleep,
-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
t legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard 765
ortal ear, the glorious Architect,
iis His univerſal temple hung
luſtres, with innumerable lights,
ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
Temple, and the *Preacher!* O how loud 770
ls devotion! genuine growth of *night!*
rotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
ndevout aſtronomer is *mad*:
; All things ſpeak a God; but in the ſmall,
trace out *Him*; in great, *He* ſeizes man; 775
, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
arr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
t are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch, 780
hin whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
with divine ambition! in diſdain
mit built! built in the taſte of heaven!
concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
:et apartment for the Deity?— 785
o; That thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
lofty ſinks, and ſhallows thy *profound*,
ſtreightens thy *diffuſive*; dwarfs the whole,
makes an univerſe an *Orrery*.

But

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds;
Shock'd æther's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurprizing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *ſenſe*;
For, ſure, to *ſenſe*, they truly are divine;
And half-abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.
But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, Lorenzo! Thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent, are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide
All meaſure in His work; ſtretch'd out His line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?

Then

(as He took delight in wide extremes),
in the boſom of His univerſe,
: down that *reaſoning* mite, that inſect, *man*,
awl, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?—
man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
iſbelief of wonders in *himſelf*.
God be leſs miraculous, than what
and has form'd? Shall *myſteries* deſcend
un-myſterious? Things more elevate,
ore familiar? Uncreated lie
obvious than Created, to the graſp
man thought? The *more* of wonderful
rd in *Him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
l we conceive *Him*, God He could not be;
not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
d alone can comprehend a God;
diſtance how immenſe! On *ſuch* a theme,
this, Lorenzo! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
ng can *ſatisfy*, but what *confounds*;
ng, but what *aſtoniſhes*, is *true*.
cene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the truth I ſing,
every ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of heaven,
reported, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
line *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
rand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
ſon's court, to ſilence *unbelief*.
w my mind, opening at this ſcene, imbibes
noral emanations of the ſkies,
: nought, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!

Has

Has the Great Sovereign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, *He* reſides above them All,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impar
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reaſon*, or a God adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to *ſee*:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks *ſmall* learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk injoins: She gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flam
It ſelds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! Not the God alone,
I ſee His *Miniſters*; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,

In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
Listening to catch the Master's least command,
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian!* O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in *Excellence*, above mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
On every beam we see, to walk with men.
Aweful reflection! Strong restraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories *Sense* surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
With just attention is it view'd? We feel
A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of *Man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound

Of

Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* ſtructure, or the ſcoop of *Time*;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n *Theſe* an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n *Theſe* infuſe.—But what of vaſt in *Theſe?*
Nothing;—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in *Art.*—Vain *Art!* Thou pigmy power!
How doſt thou ſwell and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy watery columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *Capitals!* or Thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
Yet *Theſe* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from This the Deity has built?
A *Good Man* ſeen, though ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe:
In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to ſay, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?*"

And yet, ſo thwarted nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill *darker* by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *Plots*, and foul *Conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—Suppreſs it? or proclaim?—
Why *ſleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepoſterous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight.
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *ſcreen* them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and *wiſer* make the *Wiſe*.

Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent

In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermin of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe antient ſages, *Human* ſtars! They met
Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counſel aſk'd; and, what they aſk'd, *obey'd*.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, He who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and He of Tuſculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded, and Elyſian, walks,
An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men,
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
By Seraphs trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright footſteps here below;
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themſelves*.
Through *various Virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illuſtrious lives.
In *Chriſtian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer! as much
Our *Ardour* Leſs, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monſtrous This in *Morals!* Scarce more ſtrange
Would this *Phænomenon* in nature ſtrike,
A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
What taught theſe heroes of the moral world?
To theſe thou giv'ſt thy *Praiſe*, give *Credit* too.

Theſe

Theſe doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taſte.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to miſery:
That, wiſe it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *Virtue*, roſe from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The ſingle baſe of *Virtue* built to heaven:
That God, and *Nature*, our attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the glaſs reflecting God,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his ſphere:
That, *Mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
That, *boundleſs Mind* affects a *boundleſs Space*:
That vaſt ſurveys, and the ſublime of things,
The ſoul aſſimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; *ſuch* the *Night* inſpir'd.

And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies;
Delightful outlet of her priſon *Here!*
There, diſincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large,
There, freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let looſe all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, graſp at ſomething great.
Nor, as a ſtranger, does ſhe wander there;
But, wonderful herſelf, through wonder ſtrays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,

And, like a maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the ſoul
Grows conſcious of her birth celeſtial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herſelf *at home* amongſt the ſtars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praiſe.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As *Earth* the body, ſince, the *Skies* ſuſtain
The ſoul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble paſture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, The Garden of the Deity,
Bloſſom'd with ſtars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambroſial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, The breaſt-plate of the true High-prieſt,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* aſtrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble ſenſe,
In which *alone* ſtars govern human fates.
O that the *Stars* (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And reſcued *Monarchs* from ſo black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wiſh how generous in a foe!
Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a God,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,
For mighty conqueſts on a needle's point?
Inſtead of forging chains for *foreigners*,

Baſtile

Baſtile thy *Tutor*: Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is: how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of man,
When in it all the ſtars, and planets, roll!
And what it *ſeems*, it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more Godlike, as *Theſe* more divine.
And *more* divine than *Theſe*, thou canſt not ſee.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous ſplendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradiſe *unloſt!*
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life!*
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taſte;
No *flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here*;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.
Lorenzo! much of *Moral* haſt thou ſeen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* glories of the ſkies,
In number, weight, and meaſure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boaſted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finiſh his aërial towers;
Wiſdom and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impreſs; and claim it for their own.
Though ſplendid all, no ſplendor void of uſe;
Uſe rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton waſte, amid effuſe expence;
The great Oeconomiſt adjuſting all.

To prudent pomp, magnificently wiſe.
How rich the proſpect! and for ever new!
And *neweſt* to the man that views it *moſt*;
For newer ſtill in infinite ſucceeds.
Then, theſe aërial racers, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
Spirit alone can diſtance the career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel, within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion or a dream;
Though *ſeen*, we labour to believe it *true!*
What involution! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth!* immenſely great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
What, then, the wondrous *Space* through which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
'Tis comprehenſion's abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
Through this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! How ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
Tumult untumultuous; all on wing!

In

In motion, all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
To ſilence, by the preſence of their Lord;
Or huſh'd by *His* command, in love to man,
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cœrulean plain,
In exultation to *Their* God, and *Thine*,
They dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *His* praiſe.
But, ſince their *Song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerleſs power.
Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and myſtic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
To *Gods*, how great! how legible to *Man!*
Leaves ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
Where are the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
What more than *Atlantean* ſhoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what ſtrange art,
In fluid air theſe ponderous orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And ſo they are; in the high will of heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if *ſuch* the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The moſt gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all toſt into the ſea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,

Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft;
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame part, with greater ſkill,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts moſt ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The Godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundleſs *Space*, through which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter thought
Of boundleſs *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* ſkill,
To man un-labour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *Sight*:

And

And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The *Stars*, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *inſults*, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To *diſappoint* it?—That is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as the exiſtence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.
He, wiſe as *Thou*, no *Creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperior to the charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants ſhe power
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on *Earth's* infected ſhore,
And purge from nuiſance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?

Nay

Nay, and to what thou valueſt more, *Earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unſeen*,
And defecate from *Senſe*, alone obtain
Full reliſh of exiſtence un-deflower'd;
The *Life* of life, the *Zeſt* of worldly bliſs!
All elſe on earth amounts—to what? To This:
"Bad to be *Suffer'd*; bleſſings to be *Loſt*:"
Earth's richeſt inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher ſcenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there 's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-prunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleaſure, ſo *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame *Manna*, mingle earth and heaven.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage), 't were not abſurd
To doubt, if beams, ſet out at *Nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world;
Though nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever*: who can ſatiate ſight
In *ſuch* a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep-aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count,
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boaſt thy boundleſs might

In conqueſt o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *Miracle?*—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit ſatire, on mankind;
And while it *ſatisfies*, it *cenſures* too.
To common ſenſe, great *Nature's* courſe proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls aſleep,
A *Miracle* is ſent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *ſtrong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal?*
To *make* a ſun, or *ſtop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and ſend back
The flaming courier to the frighted *Eaſt*,
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's ſoft, flowery vale repoſe?
Great things are theſe; ſtill greater, to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;—reſiſtleſs is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous ſurvey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* ſeen,
If ſeen with *human* eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The courſe of *Nature* governs all?"

The

The *Courſe* of *Nature* is the *Art* of God.
The miracles thou call'ſt for, *This* atteſt;
For ſay, could *Nature Nature's* courſe control?
But, miracles apart, who ſees Him not,
Nature's Controler, Author, Guide, and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But muſt inquire—" What hand behind the ſcene,
" What arm Almighty, put theſe wheeling globes
" In motion, and wound up the vaſt machine?
" Who rounded in his palm theſe ſpacious orbs?
" Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound,
" Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,
" Or ſparks from populous cities in a blaze,
" And ſet the boſom of *Old Night* on fire?
" Peopled her deſart, and made horror ſmile?"
Or, if the military ſtyle delights thee,
(For ſtars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
" Who marſhals this bright hoſt? enrolls their names?
" Appoints their poſts, their marches, and returns,
" Punctual, at ſtated periods? who diſbands
" Theſe veteran troops, their final duty done,
" If e'er diſbanded?"—He, whoſe potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd firſt their powers
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they ſlept
In beds of darkneſs: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining theſe,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,

When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time!* Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since *You*, and years, roll on, though man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *Wisdom*; now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen *Appetite*, and passion, spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose *Folly* would undo what *Age* has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, Thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight;
With such an *Index* fair as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read

The

As man was made for glory, and for bliſs,
All littleneſs is in approach to woe;
Open thy boſom, ſet thy wiſhes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happineſs*;
Admit the boundleſs theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing ſees;—
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy diſtreſs! how cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by *nature*, the proud ſceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkeſt mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, ſure captive of belief!
From this thy bleſt captivity, what art,
What blaſphemy to reaſon, ſets thee free!
This ſcene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this tide of glory?
What is earth boſom'd in theſe ambient orbs,
But, faith in God impreſs'd, and preſs'd on man?
Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſperate *cauſe*,
Spite of theſe numerous, awful, *witneſſes*,
And doubt the *depoſition* of the ſkies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To ſink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wiſdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.

Some

Some wiſh they *did*; but *no* man *diſbelieves*.
God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material organs; God by man
As much is ſeen, as *man* a God can ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, diſtance, ſize!
Concertion of deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! conſent to general good!—
Each attribute of theſe *material* gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious pleas) ador'd,
A ſeparate conqueſt gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may ſeem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a *ſimple* proof
Of this great maſter moral of the ſkies,
Unſkill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it *there*?
Since 'tis the baſis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof inſiſts on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the *world* ſhut out;—thy thoughts call [home;—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy *ſenſes*;—let no *paſſion* ſtir;—
Wake all to *reaſon*;—let *her* reign alone;
Then, in thy *ſoul's* deep ſilence, and the depth
Of *Nature's* ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and ſhall inquire no more.

is it deeply learn'd
tram'd *ſuch* laws,
ton made immortal?--1480
ughs at me,
a *man!*
el, to conduct;
than human ſkill;
a Godhead reigns.—1485
ual, Mind;
But, granting that,
ker cloud?
n ne'er conceive?
nd I— 1490
re is no God—
that knot ſubſiſts;
man race;
ots beſide,
ſe it *there*, 1495
ten thouſand more?
len, all the reſt
whole horizon clear?
le; *reaſon* ſays,
grain turns the ſcale; 1500
is here! can reaſon
m—*Believe a* God?
le ſole mark of man.
muſt man think true,
and how ſtrange 1505
h mere credulity!"
finds no flaw,

In nature's channel, thus the queſtious run.
" What am I? and from *whence?*—I nothing learn
" But that I *am*; and, ſince I *am*, conclude
" Something *eternal*: had there e'er been *nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *eternal* there muſt be.—
" But *what* eternal?—Why not *human race?*
" And Adam's anceſtors without an end?—
" That 's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince every link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
" Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole?*
" Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence *earth*, and theſe bright *orbs?*—*Eternal* too?
" Grant *matter* was eternal; ſtill theſe *orbs*
" Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
" *Deſign* implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
" *That* can't be from *themſelves*—or *man*; *that* art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
" And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.—
" Who, *motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
" Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute *matter's* reſtive lump aſſume
" Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
" Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable right
" To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
" Has matter *none?* Then whence theſe glorious forms
" And boundleſs flights, from *ſhapeleſs*, and *repos'd?*
" Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
" Judgment,

" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
" In *mathematics?* Has it fram'd *ſuch* laws,
" Which but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?--1480
" If ſo, how each *ſage* atom laughs at me,
" Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man!*
" If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
" And that with greater far, than human ſkill;
" Reſides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.—1485
" Grant, then, inviſible, eternal, Mind;
" *That* granted, all is ſolv'd.—But, granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
" A being without origin, or end!— 1490
" Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
" Yet, why? On either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
" Subſiſt it *muſt*, in God, or *human race*;
" If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
" Indiſſoluble all?—Why chuſe it *there*, 1495
" Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
" Reject it, where, *that* choſen, all the reſt
" Diſpers'd, leave *reaſon's* whole horizon clear?
" This is not reaſon's dictate; *reaſon* ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where *one* grain turns the ſcale; 1500
" What vaſt preponderance is here! can reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim—*Believe a* God?
" And *reaſon* heard, is the ſole mark of man.
" What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
" On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange 1505
" To *diſbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,

Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whoſe providential care
Through theſe bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray
Of *nature* univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant *earth!* Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The ſuburbs of Creation? Where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? Nothing's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *infinite*, no more?
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays, to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
"I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
"The work accompliſh'd; the creation clos'd:
"Shout, all ye gods! nor ſhout ye gods alone;
"Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
"That reſts, or rolls, ye heights, and depths reſou
"Reſound! reſound! ye depths, and heights, reſou
Hard are thoſe queſtions!—Anſwer *harder* ſtill.
Is *this* the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of *power divine?*

Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant *ſpace?*
Has *He* not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark bowels burſt
Of *night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe *giant-generations*, which diſport,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that *abyſs of horror*, whence they ſprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival *creation* raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *nature* both the womb, and grave!
Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant?*—No; this is *juſt*;
Juſt, in *conjecture*, though 't were falſe in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the Moſt-High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?—
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do?*
Nothing, but *quite impoſſible* is *hard*.
He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole *creation*, and a ſingle *grain*.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!
A thouſand worlds? there 's ſpace for millions more;
And in what ſpace can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts, as ſwell our hearts

With fuller admiration of *that power*,
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to ſwell?
Why not indulge in *His* augmented praiſe?
Darts not *His* glory a ſtill brighter ray,
The leſs is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* ſtrays aghaſt;
And, though moſt *talkative*, makes no *report*?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience 'ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief.
Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us in the deep diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun *nature*, exquiſitely *ſmall*,
And, though *demonſtrated*, ſtill *ill-conceiv'd*?
If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation *poiſe*?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme;
What is too great, if we the *cauſe* ſurvey?
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I Am, thy name! *exiſtence*, all *thine own!*
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if ſtyl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of God.*"
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in *ſuch* aſcent,
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map

Of

Of univerſal *nature*, as a ſpeck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far outſhone?
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an *Iſle*, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice, in the *vaſt* of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of *un-built* ſpace
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs *northern*, leſs remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
Yet why drown *fancy* in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is *ſeen*?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch, from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *He* alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond this *city*, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!

One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is *inſtruction*, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Though ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praiſe.
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has ſhe thoſe,
Who neither *praiſe* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the *moon* one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
Walking in brightneſs; or her train ador'd.
Their *ſublunary* rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; *ſtars* malign,
Which made the fond *aſtronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs

All

All ſacrifice! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine Inſtructor! Thy *firſt* volume, *this*,
For *man's* peruſal; all in Capitals!
In *moon*, and *ſtars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *underſtand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Chriſtian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to Mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his huſk, ſtrike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that ſpeaks!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *ſacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the ſkies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his firſt leſſon *there*,
And ſcripture ſelf a *fragment*, *that* unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom, to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by Thee.
By Thee *much* open'd, I confeſs, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wiſh; but *how* ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whoſe modeſt, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say, thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—And ſhew
The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong

Theſe

Theſe rich *regalia* pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I ſearch on every ſide—
O for a glimpſe of Him my ſoul adores!
As the chac'd hart, amid the deſart waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream; for Him who made her,
So pants the thirſty ſoul, amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, goddeſs! where?
Where blazes *His* bright court? Where burns *His* throne?
Thou know'ſt; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand pavilion, ſacred fame reports
The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where *He* dwells?
A *ſtar* His dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!
On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find *Him?*
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant ſcale,
From ſphere to ſphere; the ſteps by nature ſet
For man's aſcent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *Great* Goal of all.
In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd *earth* recedes;

I paſs

I paſs the *moon*; and, from her farther ſide,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; ſtrike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the ſubtil ſage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celeſtial* lengthens *human* ſight.
I pauſe at every *planet* on my road,
And aſk for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *earths* an army might be loſt,
With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe *ſovereign* glories of the ſkies,
Of independent, native luſtre, proud;
The ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires!—What behold I *now?*
A wilderneſs of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* ſuns inhabit *higher* ſpheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of deſcending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake;
The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* ſought
For aid, to *reaſon* ſets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*)
O where, Lorenzo! muſt the Builder dwell?
Pauſe, then; and, for a moment, here reſpire—
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I?—Where is *earth?*—Nay, where art Thou,
O *ſun?*—Is the ſun turn'd recluſe?—And are
His boaſted expeditions ſhort to *mine?*—

To

To *mine*, how ſhort! On nature's Alps I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So *much* a ſtranger, and ſo *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not enquire,
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, un-terreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, *untranſlated*, never ſtray'd?
"O ye, as diſtant from my little home,
"As ſwifteſt ſun-beams in an age can fly!
"Far from my native element I roam,
"In queſt of new, and wonderful, to man.
"What province This, of *His* immenſe domain,
"Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
"Ye borderers on the coaſts of bliſs! what are you?
"A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
"By frequent viſit from heaven's neighbouring realms,
"To ſecondary gods, and half divine?—
"Whate'er your nature, *this* is paſt diſpute,
"Far other life you live, far other tongue
"You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
"Than man. How various are the works of God!
"But ſay, *what* thought? is *reaſon* here inthron'd,
"And abſolute? or *ſenſe* in arms againſt her?
"Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd*?
"Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
"And had your Eden an abſtemious Eve?
"*Our* Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
"And aſk their Adams—"*Who would not be wife?*"
"Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd*?

" And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *ſcorn'd?*
" Is This your final reſidence? if not,
" Change you your ſcene, *tranſlated?* or by *death?*
" And if by *death*; *what death?*---Know you *diſeaſe?*
" Or horrid *war?*—With war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
" Where kings run mad). In *Our* world, Death deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the work of *Age*;
" And, hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
" Sends forth *Imperial* butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before),
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
" Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
" With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god?*
" And *bloodſhed* waſh out every other ſtain?—
" But You, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter groſs
" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun Æther, privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man! How few of human race
" By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
" Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
" Raw candidates at ſchool? And have you thoſe
" Who diſaffect *Reverſions*, as with *Us?*—
" But what are *We?* You never heard of *Man*;
" Or *Earth*, the *Bedlam* of the univerſe!
" Where *Reaſon* (un-diſeas'd with You) runs mad,
" And nurſes *Folly's* children as *her own*;

" Fond

" Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
" Of *Holineſs*, where reaſon is pronounc'd
" *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a god;
" Ev'n *there*, by *Saints*, the Dæmons are outdone;
" What *Theſe* think wrong, our *Saints* refine to right;
" And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
" Satan, inſtructed, o'er their *morals* ſmiles.—
" But *This*, how ſtrange to You, who know not *Man!*
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
" Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
" Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere in his deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal Æther, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O! that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd *Earth* with footſteps foul'd in hell
" Nor waſh'd in *Ocean*, as from Rome he paſt
" To Britain's iſle; *too*, *too*, conſpicuous *There?*"
But this is all digreſſion: where is He,
That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? Where is He,
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He, Whom, while man is *Man*, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth!* or bleſt *Above!*
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your Great Maſter's orb? His planets, where?

Thoſe

ſe *conſcious* Satellites, thoſe *Morning-ſtars*,
-born of Deity! from central love,
eneration moſt profound, thrown off;
weet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
l, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *ſerene*;
thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
ll approaching circles, ſtill *remote*,
lving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
nt, in lines direct, on embaſſies
ations—in what latitude?—Beyond
ſtrial thought's horizon!—And on what
errands ſent?—Here *human* effort ends;
leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to *His* throne.
ll well it might! I quite miſtook my road.
in an age more Curious than Devout;
fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
out or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
worſhip God, ſhall *find* him. Humble *Love*,
not proud *Reaſon*, keeps the door of heaven;
finds admiſſion, where proud *Science* fails.
s ſcience is the culture of his heart;
not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
ature, or the more profound of God.
r to know, is an attempt that ſets
wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
thom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*)
loubt is deep philoſophy *Above*;

Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is *ſeen* in all!
In *Man!* in *Earth!* in more amazing *Skies!*
Teaching this leſſon, *Pride* is loth to learn,
"Not *deeply* to *diſcern*, not *much* to *know*,
"Mankind was born to Wonder, and Adore."
And is there cauſe for higher *wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! This;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through every ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery field
With ſeeds of *reaſon*, which to *virtues* riſe
Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage *beaſt*,
And *triumph* in proſtration to The Throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars?
Æthereal journeys, and, diſcover'd there,

Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout,
All *Nature* ſending incenſe to The Throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of Our ſphere?
Opening the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muſe—Here turn we, and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſchape wide:—Then ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
" O what a Father! What a Family!
" Worlds! ſyſtems! and creations!—And creations,
" In one agglomerated cluſter, hung,
" *Great Vine! On Thee, on Thee the cluſter hangs;
" The filial cluſter! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for *who* can ſay enough?)
" A conſtellation of ten thouſand gems,
" (And, O! of what dimenſion! of what weight!)
" Set in one *Signet*, flames on the right hand
" Of Majeſty Divine! The *blazing Seal*,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created *mind*,
" Indelible, *His* ſovereign attributes,
" Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, paſſing bound:
" And *This*, ſurpaſſing That. Nor ſtop we *Here*,

* John xv. 1.

" For want of *Power* in God, but *Thought* in Man.
" Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in debt:
" If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is Thine,
" Dread Sire!—Accept this *Miniature* of Thee;
" And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
" In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."
How ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's *Power*,
And ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's *Plan*,
(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fulneſs of the Deity breaks forth
In *Inconceivables* to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought!
How *low* muſt *Man* deſcend, when *Gods* adore?
Have I not, then, accompliſh'd my proud boaſt?
Did I not tell thee, " * We would mount, Lorenzo!
" And kindle our devotion at the *Stars*?"
And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And doſt confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile*?
Lorenzo! *Mirth* how miſerable *here!*
Swear by the *Stars*, by Him who made them, ſwear,
Thy heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as *They*:
Then *Thou*, like *Them*, ſhalt *ſhine*; like *Them*, ſhalt *riſe*
From low to lofty; from obſcure to bright;
By due gradation, *Nature's* ſacred law.
The *Stars*, from whence?—Aſk *Chaos*—He can tell.
Theſe bright temptations to idolatry,
From *Darkneſs*, and *Confuſion*, took their birth;

Sons

* Page 22.

Sons of *Deformity!* from fluid dregs
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to maſſes rude;
And then, to ſpheres opaque; Then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect day.*
Nature delights in progreſs; in advance
From worſe to better: but, when *Minds* aſcend,
Progreſs, in part, depends upon *themſelves.*
Heaven aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* Little leſſens more.
O be a *Man!* and thou ſhalt be a *God!*
And *Half Self-made!*—Ambition how divine!
O Thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? Unkindled?—Though high-taught,
School'd by the ſkies, and pupil of the ſtars;
Rank coward to the faſhionable world!
Art thou *aſham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curſt fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in *Religion* is man's higheſt praiſe.
Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets *deſpair.*
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night,*
Amid her glimmering tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad *Sin* makes the darken'd ſoul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Though blind of heart, ſtill open is thine eye:
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?

Of *Matter's* grandeur, know, one end is This,
To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it—
" Though *That* immenſely Great, ſtill Greater *He*,
" Whoſe breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
" Unburden'd, nature's univerſal ſcheme;
" Can graſp *Creation* with a *ſingle* thought;
" *Creation* graſp; and not exclude its Sire"—
To tell him farther—" It behoves him much
" To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate
" Of being, brighter than a thouſand ſuns:
" One ſingle ray of *Thought* outſhines them all."—
And if man hears obedient, ſoon he 'll ſoar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Riſing, where *Thought* is now deny'd to riſe,
Look down triumphant on theſe dazzling ſpheres.
Why then perſiſt?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, abſolutely vain;
Vain, and far worſe!—Think Thou, with dying men;
O *condeſcend* to think as angels think!
O *tolerate* a chance for happineſs!
Our nature ſuch, ill choice enſures ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Doſt thou not know, my new aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endleſs* night;
Where thou canſt read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkneſs! and the groan, how *loud!*

And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchaſe! Such his praiſe!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praiſe!
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I 've half read o'er the volume of the ſkies.
For think not thou haſt heard all this from *me*;
My ſong but echoes what Great *Nature* ſpeaks.
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:—" Place, at nature's head,
" A ſovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
" Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
" But, above all, diffuſes endleſs good;
" *To whom*, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may fly;
" The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
" *By whom*, the various tenants of theſe ſpheres,
" Diverſify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe,
" Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
" At that bleſt fountain-head, from which they ſtream;
" Where conflict paſt redoubles preſent joy;
" And preſent joy looks forward on increaſe;
" And That, on more; no period! every ſtep
" A double boon! a *Promiſe*, and a *Bliſs*."
How eaſy ſits *this* ſcheme on human hearts!
It ſuits their make; it ſooths their vaſt deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd; and *Reaſon* aſks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is *Thine?*
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worſe; few years, the ſport

Of *Fortune*; then the morſel of *Deſpair*.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What 's *Vice?*—Mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of *Common-ſenſe*.
How art thou whooted, where the *Leaſt* prevails!
Is it *my* fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool?*
And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, ſtand thy Friend?
And art thou *ſtill* an inſect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee through all
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a God,
Through ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to The Throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *gall?*
To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy, *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms!*
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as ſhort? And doſt thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,

Conſcience

Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O thou moſt Aweful Being; and moſt Vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread Eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and woe, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is This the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! No: it cannot,—*ſhall* not, be,
If there is force in *Reaſon*; or, in *Sounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *ſlumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Through ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend—The ſacred myſteries begin----
My ſolemn *Night-born* adjuration hear;
Hear, and I 'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the *ſtars* gaze on this inchantment *new*:
Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!
" By *Silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
" By *Darkneſs*, Guilt's inevitable doom;
" By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, ſiſters dread!
" That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
" By Night, and all of aweful, night preſents
" To *Thought* or *Senſe* (of aweful much, to both,
" The goddeſs brings)! By theſe her trembling *Fires*,
" Like Veſta's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!

" By theſe bright orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
" And preſs thee to revere, the Deity;
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
" To reach *his* throne; as *ſtages* of the ſoul,
" Through which, at different periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at every ſphere!
" By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!
" By the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort ambition's *zenith* ſet for ever;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now-in bloom!
" By the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this evening knell,
" Which midnight waves in *fancy's* ſtartled eye;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries,
" Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human thought!
" By thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee—wert thou ſo wiſe to hear!
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
" The monarch's *terror!* and the ſexton's *trade!*
" By pompous obſequies that ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
" Boaſt of our *ruin!* triumph of our *duſt!*
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
" And the pale lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" More ghaſtly, through the thick incumbent gloom!
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,

" The

"· The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grave!
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
" For the grave's ſhelter! By deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
" By guilt's laſt audit! By yon *moon* in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great nature's knell!
" By Second *chaos*; and Eternal *night*"—
Be wiſe—Nor let Philander blame my *charm*;
But own not ill diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; *duty* to the dead.
For know I'm but executor; *he* left
This moral legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command; Philander hear in me;
And heaven in both.—If deaf to theſe, Oh! hear
Florello's tender voice; *his* weal depends
On *thy* reſolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For *his* ſake—love *thyſelf*: example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a *bad* example more;
More ſtill a father's; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gaveſt?
Is *this* the bleſſing of ſo fond a father?
If careleſs of Lorenzo! ſpare, Oh! ſpare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let *paſſion* do, what *nobler motive* ſhould;

Let

Let *love*, and *emulation*, riſe in aid
To *reaſon*; and perſuade thee to be---bleſt.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt *hopeleſs*, man can make to man.
Shall I then riſe, in argument, and warmth?
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?-----
But Oh! I faint! My ſpirits fail!---Nor ſtrange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd:
And *calls*---but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lips, and *promiſes*
My long arrear of reſt; the *downy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
Will *pay*, ere long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence *ſorrow* never chac'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous viſions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, reſt;
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till *ſickneſs* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?

—"THOU

——" THOU only know'ſt,
" Thou, whoſe broad eye the *future*, and the *paſt*,
" Joins to the *preſent*; making one of *three*
" To moral thought! Thou know'ſt, and Thou alone,
" All-knowing--! all-unknown!--and yet well-known!
" Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!
" And, though inviſible, for ever ſeen!
" And ſeen in all! the *great* and the *minute*:
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flower, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
" To the firſt thought, that aſks, " *From whence?*"
" declare
" Their common ſource. Thou Fountain, running o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy!
" Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes!
" Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" Him I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As Moſes, in the *buſh?* Illuſtrious Mind!
" The whole creation, leſs, far leſs, to Thee,
" Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
" How ſhall I name Thee?—How my labouring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
" Great ſyſtem of perfections! mighty cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty! cauſe uncaus'd! ſole root
" Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
" Firſt Father of *effects!* that progeny
" Of endleſs ſeries; where the golden chain's
" Laſt link admits a period, who can tell?
" Father of all that is or heard, or hears!

" Father

" Father of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!
" Father of all that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
" Father of this immeaſurable maſs
" Of *matter* multiform; or denſe, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at reſt;
" Minute, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
" Of like amaze, and myſtery, to man.
" Father of theſe bright millions of the *night!*
" Of which the leaſt full Godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, ſay,
" Is appellation higher ſtill, Thy choice?
" Father of *matter's* temporary lords!
" Father of *ſpirits!* nobler offspring! ſparks
" Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
" With various meaſures, and with various modes
" Of *inſtinct, reaſon, intuition*; beams
" More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
" The dark of matter *organiz'd* (the ware
" Of all *created* ſpirit); beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior light,
" Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of *intellectual* beings! beings bleſt
" With powers to pleaſe Thee; not of paſſive ply
" To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
" Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Though boundleſs habitation, plann'd by Thee:

" Whoſe

" Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit;
" And tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
" A title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
" Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
" *Father of immortality to man!*
" A theme that * lately ſet my ſoul on fire—
" And Thou the Next! yet equal! Thou, by whom
" *That* bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was *bought*;
" Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made; and one, redeem'd! illuſtrious Light
" From Light illuſtrious! Thou, whoſe *regal* power,
" Finite in *time*, but infinite in *ſpace*,
" On more than adamantine baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of gods!
" And Oh! the *Friend* of man! beneath whoſe foot,
" And by the mandate of whoſe aweful nod,
" All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Through the ſhort channels of expiring *time*,
" Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
" Calm, or tempeſtuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes),
" In abſolute ſubjection!---And, O Thou
" The glorious Third! diſtinct, not ſeparate!
" Beaming from *Both!* with Both incorporate;
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as Thy glory, great,

" Enſhrin'd

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" Enſhrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heaven with diſtant earth! by whom I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To Thee, to Them—To whom?--Myſterious Power!
" Reveal'd---yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light;
" Number in unity! our Joy! our Dread!
" The *Triple* Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the *Triple* Sun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting Sun!
" Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet Demonſtrable, Great God!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft *pity's* eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *Thine Own*,
" From Thy bright home, from that high Firmament,
" Where Thou, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond archangels unaſſiſted ken;
" From far above what mortals higheſt call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
" Through--What? confounding interval! through all
" And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive;
" Through radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Through wondrous beings interpoſing ſwarms,
" All cluſtering at the call, to dwell in Thee;
" Through this wide waſte of worlds! this *viſta* vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to *night*

" Before

" Before *thy* feebleſt beam--Look down--down--down,
" On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt,
" Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half-converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (though night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In *Thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Though tranſient, terrible; at *Thy* good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
" Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
" Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
" Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
" That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My *ſenſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" O ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *fate*,
" Firſt, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*---
" *Man's fickly ſoul, though turn'd and toſs'd for ever,*
" *From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but* Thee:
" *Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;*
" On Thee, the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
" Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
" Nor of *that* pillow ſhall *my* ſoul deſpond;

" For

" For---Love almighty! Love almighty! (ſing,
" Exult, creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
" That death of *death!* that cordial of *deſpair!*
" And loud Eternity's triumphant ſong!
" Of whom, no more:--For, O Thou Patron-God!
" Thou *God* and *Mortal!* Thence *more* God to man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou canſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *praiſe.*
" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can He eſcape,
" Who, diſemboſom'd from the Father, bows
" The heaven of heavens, to kiſs the diſtant earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the *Croſs, Death's* iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his *foes!*
" Their *gratitude,* for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their *ſuffering brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
" As deeper guilt prohibits our *deſpair!*
" Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" * *Takes his delights among the ſons of men.*"
What words are theſe---And did they come from heaven?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſongs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;

Though

* Prov. chap. viii.

Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night*:
Rich prelibation of *conſummate* joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.
This final effort of the moral Muſe,
How juſtly * *titled*? nor for me alone:
For all that read; what ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of Conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then, farewel Night! of darkneſs, now, no more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taſte of life*, and conſtant *thought of death!*
The *thought* of death, ſole victor of its *dread!*
Hope, be thy *joy*; and *probity* thy *ſkill*;
Thy *patron* He, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heaven; *Eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to ſcorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the ways of men,

* The Conſolation.

Whoſe lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our *preſent privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due ſenſe of its *abuſe*,
The *farce* aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us *now*.
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wiſdom, ere 'tis torment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize *wiſdom*, ere ſhe ſeizes *thee*.
For what, my ſmall philoſopher! is *hell?*
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *truth*, reſiſted long, is ſworn our foe;
And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, *darkneſs* aiding intellectual light,
And ſacred *ſilence* whiſpering truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My ſong the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
'Tis pride, to praiſe her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! riſe, at this auſpicious hour;
An hour, when heaven 's moſt intimate with man;
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine
Glides ſwift into the boſom of the *juſt*;
And juſt are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which ſets that title high within thy reach.

Awake,

Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the creation ſleeps;
When, like a taper, all theſe ſuns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that ſupport the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
And Midnight, *Univerſal* Midnight! reigns.

END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

"My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied even as it were with marrow
"and fatneſs; when my mouth praiſeth thee with
"joyful lips." PSALM lxiii, 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the Public; there were many and ſtrong reaſons againſt it; and are ſo ſtill; but ſome extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought neceſſary to publiſh ſomething, leſt a copy ſtill more imperfect than this ſhould fall into the preſs: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occaſion of publication may be ſome excuſe for it.

As for the following ſtanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodneſs to man, is dwelt on, as the moſt juſt and cogent reaſon for our chearful and abſolute reſignation to his will; nor are any of thoſe topics declined, which have a juſt tendency to promote that ſupreme virtue: ſuch as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

RESIGNATION.

PART I.

THE days how few, how ſhort the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place!

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us with a ſigh,
That to be born ſeems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to theſe akin?
Age ſlumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing ſtill?

Conſcious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To ſoften cenſure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam! ere to You
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad ſiſter of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many suns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see;
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys; the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long-abandon'd Muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I chuse?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doating on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond

Beyond the themes, which moſt admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood reſtrain;

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Though claiming every Muſe's ſmile,
And every Poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious conſummation, Thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to diſcern,
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I dread; dare I to leave
Of humble proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dangerous ſea?
What throngs have ſunk before!

How proud the poet's billow ſwells!
The God! the God! his boaſt:
A boaſt how vain! What wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards
Confine their charming ſong
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet, write I muſt; a * Lady ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

* Mrs. M——.

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but, through fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you;

Too well he knows the twiſting ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd:

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad experience ſay?
Through truth's auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way.

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate, we meet our foes,
In ſore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by ſenſe,
From reaſon's channel ſtrays:
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs, in extaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight;
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its courſe, life's murmuring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up——

Deſpair.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its ſtrokes ſevere, moſt kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
Theſe oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an œconomiſt is man
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which, as he was born,
Mere worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

Say not, your loſs in triumph lends
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our preſent ſtate;

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate, keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Throug

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own;

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain:

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing,
Though you may think it ſlow,
When, in the lift of fortune's ſmiles,
You 'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſued
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
"Of ſound, important good:"

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties;
And every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe:

'Twill ſound ſevere—Yet reſt aſſur'd
I 'm ſtudious of your peace;
Though I ſhould dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Hear

Hear then without ſurprize a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs:

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely ſung
By one, whoſe heart had bled;

To Reſignation ſwift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bleſt him with a ſmile,
When gaſping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our ſabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother bleſſing (not ſo call'd),
True happineſs, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By ſtings of life unvext;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

You ſee, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run;
And ſay, what is a man unſtruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply ſtung—
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boaſts, Heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart!
How critically tim'd the * news
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I ſpoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long-belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph, whilſt I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdued
By reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

* Whilſt the Author was writing This, he received ıe news of Mr. Samuel Richardſon's death, who was ıen printing the former part of the Poem.

And when continued paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No; my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

Madam! I grant your loſs is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a Friend.

But ſuch a friend! and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weakneſs, and I drop,
All ſorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſooth,
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him preſented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of diſtreſs:

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Eſculapian art:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Though tranſports are deny'd:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive encreaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human woe,
In part, their peace deſtroy?

He lives in thoſe he left;—to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind;
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let thoſe propheſy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon:

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire:
And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire:

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpriz'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boaſters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though coſting dear
You 'll think it cheaply bought:

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæſar's toil:

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon 's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe:

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he 'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you.

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some ſeem in love with ſorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt heaven's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's ſelf
By perſeverance brought,

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in ſons of honeſt joy
Some beams of Moſes' face:

Is reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind;

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

For joy what cauſe? how every ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love?

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul,

Broke looſe from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come.

They let unmark'd, and misemploy'd,
Life's idle moments pass;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done;

Fatal mistake! their fate gets on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds;

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, lothly bent
To fathom his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd:

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man

Man holds in conſtant ſervice bound
The bluſtering winds and ſeas;
Nor ſuns diſdain to travel hard
Their maſter, man, to pleaſe:

To final good the worſt events
Through ſecret channels run;
Finiſh for man their deſtin'd courſe,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often ſmote, and ſmites
My mind, as demonſtration ſtrong;
That heaven in man delights:

What 's known to man of things unſeen,
Of future worlds, or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

What 's Revelation then? a liſt,
An inventory juſt
Of that poor inſect's goods, ſo late
Call'd out of night and duſt.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy ſincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow ſphere:

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight?
A ſmiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleaſing in its ſight!

Angels

Angels stoop forward from their thrones,
To hear its joyful lays;
And incense sweet enjoy, and join
Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we perfume to counterfeit
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up whatever
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Power
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport 's the language of the ſkies,
Content the ſtyle below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs
More precious we purſue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, intereſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

"But how to ſmile; to ſtem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to ſmile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And ſtruggles through a ſtorm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this compliance
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend 's an optick to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air:

A * Friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your distress;

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these;

Let

* Mrs. Montague.

Let thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
Of ſparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:
Woe to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reaſon ſleeps, the pulſe is king;
Deſpotic body reigns:
Have you * ne'er pity'd joy's gay ſcenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! ſhe's ſtone-blind,
And quite miſtakes her mark:
Her mark lies hid in ſorrow's ſhades,
But ſorrow well ſubdued;
And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.
By Reſignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:
On pillows void of down, for reſt
Our reſtleſs hopes we place;
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repoſe in peace:
The peace, which reſignation yields,
Who feel alone can gueſs;
'Tis diſbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
They muſt conclude it leſs:

The

* Mrs. Montague.

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind!
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd:

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is possess'd;
Foul vice his pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast;

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O! grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye powers
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme!

A theme themselves! A theme, how rare!
The charms, which they display,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array:

With

With his own arms proud man 's o'ercome,
His boaſted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiſer grown,
To female boſoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:
But as thoſe * ladies works I read,
They darted ſuch a ray,
The latent ſenſe burſt out at once,
And ſhone in open day:

So burſt, full-ripe, diſtended fruits,
When ſtrongly ſtrikes the ſun;
And from the purple grape unpreſs'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis ſaid) when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain;
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wiſdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And launce,—or, genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon ſhield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful ſhone,
And many a blockhead (eaſy change!)
Turn'd, inſtantly, to ſtone.

Our

* Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

Our authors male, as, then, did Jove,
Now ſcratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddeſs fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd-in by ſurly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit ſo fair
The noble thirſt began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And ſince of genius in our ſex,
O Addiſon! with thee
The ſun is ſet, how I rejoice
This ſiſter lamp to ſee!

It ſheds, like Cynthia, ſilver beams
On man's nocturnal ſtate;
His leſſen'd light, and languid powers,
I ſhow, whilſt I relate.

RESIGNA

RESIGNATION.

PART II.

BUT what in either ſex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
"In ruffling ſeaſons to be calm,
"And ſmile, when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is ſafer than our own;
Of ages paſt enquire,
What the moſt formidable fate?
"To have our own deſire."

If, in your wrath, the worſt of foes
You wiſh extremely ill;
Expoſe him to the thunder's ſtroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, ruſhing down the ſteep
Of inclination ſtrong,
Have periſh'd in their ardent wiſh!
Wiſh ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Reſignation's full reverſe,
Moſt wrong, as it implies
Error moſt fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the ſkies.

By cloſing with the ſkies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown?

No longer impotent, and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe:
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below!
We treſpaſs on the ſkies!

The Lord, the ſoul, and ſource of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and ſeas;

Beyond us, what can Angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as——we deſire.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This, the ſublime of man!

Beyond the boaſt of pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines;
And for a foil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the ſun ſurveys, ſubdued,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the Reſign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to heaven the reſt;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

Come, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſt Martyrs ſouls
Aſcended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;
How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by fate!

His threatening foe! what ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!——at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum, thou!

Haſte, then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile:

O! for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death:

What ſight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has moſt of Heaven to boaſt?
The man reſign'd; at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

At death's arrival they ſhall ſmile,
Who, not in life oe'r-gay,
Serious, and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him on his way:

My gay Coævals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, deſire:

Grand climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd, when beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies:

But

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home!

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child out-fools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me viſit one,
My fault who, partly, ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law, a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
Its praiſe to be forgot;

The wiſe, as flowers, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When evening damps, and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

What though your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as * this?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs:

Your traſh, with mine, at open war,
Is † obſtinately bent,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom, and diſcontent:

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder whilſt we praiſe;

A curious

* Candide. † Second Part.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature ſtarts;
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts:

"But great your name"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe ſave?

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame;

Nor boaſt your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies;

Your taſte too fails; what moſt excels
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's * helmet ſeek,
Reſplendent are its rays,
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume,
Of ſublunary praiſe.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To ſee that—† "All is right,"
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight;

If ſo, all 's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are, now, in heaven."

Nay, ſuch philanthropy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me:

Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs:

Walking,

* Epheſ. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they ſhine,
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul;

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

A world, that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

Yon matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!
Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare;

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell:

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he purſued;
My heart aſtray to quick return
Importunately woo'd;

Due Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet,
Beneath the maſk of ill!

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

Have I not ſometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs:
Oft I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my ſucceſs.

By ſharpen'd appetite to give
To good intenſe delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow:

When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd ſenſe from fancy's tyranny
Alone can ſet us free;
A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs;
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whiſper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to ſave.

To

ſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
pangles o'er us ſhine,
y he gave, and bid the next
ſoul's delight reſign.

: to ourſelves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
my fate can you deſcry
wn?

And if you can, excuſe
Theſe ſelf-reco lines;
A record, modeſt ds,
Or to ſmall bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humbled flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end;

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From chaos, and old night;

From what ſeem'd horror, and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd,
Eternally are ſhown.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd Prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your boſom; there you 'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal,
Which none can read but you;

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To freſh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure, or ſomewhat odd,
Though 'tis the beſt that man can give,—
"Ev'n be content with God."

Through love He gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reaſon fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by ſenſe.

This friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate;

His

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart;
A truth leſs obvious hear;
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear:

Diſpute you this? O! ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, He ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;

A ſmile, which through eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at laſt, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a ſovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh; peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which guilt ſhould waſh away;

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt thoſe diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe;

Not

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute,
As all had been but one.

And is He then ſo near! ſo kind!—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep;

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt:

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can deſtroy
The power, in exquiſite extremes,
To ſuffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He 's beggar'd, and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

For what the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the Poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe;

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not ſay,
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidable ſpoke?

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

Yes, ev'n in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What moſt imbitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

Joy's fountain head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe:

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuſe of every bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea!
One ſand, how wide the ſhore!

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in æther thrown!

An

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?—
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into diſtreſs;

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In Thee who dare not truſt;
Whoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the duſt:

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No leſs abſurd, than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and goodneſs at the helm,
The rougheſt ocean plough?

What, though I 'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe,
I 'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Roar, waves; rage, winds! I know, that Thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

From Thee immortal ſpirits born,
To Thee, their fountain, flow,
If wiſe; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering ſtreams below:

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To Thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To Thee aſpiring they exult;
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies:

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And generous ſenſe of paſt,
To Thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or reſign'd;

Reſign'd through duty, intereſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous Truth!) in heaven itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe;

And when to praiſe the man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both; but man 's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! Ingratitude how black!
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

Praiſe chears, and warms, like generous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night;

'Tis nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart 's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardour court:

When prayer partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts through heaven's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King:

The labouring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees;
I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone!
An humble heart, God's * other ſeat!
The rival of his throne:

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low?
And condeſcends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

Such

* Iſaiah lvii. 15.

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
How treat our gueſt divine?
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

Thus far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
Now let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
The diſmal human groan:

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and intereſts fly as far
Aſunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and ſordid joys,
Our grandeur we diſgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers poſſeſs'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt.

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the glorious ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever baſk,
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on Reaſon rouz'd
In awful luſtre riſe,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all diſquiet dies:

Earth's glories too their ſplendour loſe,
Thoſe phantoms charm no more;
Empire 's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then level'd quite, whilſt yet alive,
The monarch and his ſlave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leſſon from the grave:

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaſt of glory more
Than ſparkles from a crown.

When human glory riſes high
As human glory can;
When, though the King is truly great,
Still greater is the Man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the Monarch proud
In grandeur ſhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy ſhroud.

Wiſdom!

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though graſping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death! through thy approach,
Is wiſer every hour;

Approach how ſwift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare,
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones beſtows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill?

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd,
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread power,
As burſting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, ſpare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourſelf forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wiſe:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
Voltaire will cloſe with me:

How ſhocking is that modeſty,
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution 's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed:

What then are they, whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt!

Though Vice, by no ſuperior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure diſintereſted love
Of ruin they obey!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lyes

From fancy's forge: gay fancy ſmiles
At reaſon plain, and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
To make the fineſt fool.

Voltaire! long life 's the greateſt curſe
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
That birth-day of their ſorrow;
Knowing, it may be diſtant far,
Nor cruſh them till—to-morrow.

Theſe are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your ſtate,
No * caſtle is my lot:

But ſoon, quite level ſhall we lie;
And, what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that ſound? Alarming ſound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes Finis to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Their wit far brighteſt will he prov'd,
Who ſunk it in good ſenſe;
And veneration moſt profound
Of dread Omnipotence.
'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſt Eternity;
O! may'ſt thou never, never loſe
That more than * golden key!

Whate'er may ſeem too rough excuſe,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well;
As yet we muſt not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt,
That we are ſtill alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave!
When life, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happieſt life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes Vici on his ſhield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

O

* Alluding to Pruſſia.

O! how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright!

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poiſon diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd,
Whole herds ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly, by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

Men's praiſe your vanity purſues;
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you 'll reſign the will;

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim;
How very far ſuperior they
In number, and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ;
Though juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy;

But ſing no more—no more I ſing,
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High, as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilſt

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
" Above, beneath the ſun,
" Through boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
" Jehovah's will be done."

'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell;

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains:
Self-will 's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to You:

You know, that virtue's baſis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight:

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world, a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born;

When

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or, ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

Well-pleas'd to bear heaven's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt power employ;
'Tis noble chemiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee:

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart through ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel;

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Reſign, reſign: this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtill;
A crown has been reſign'd by more,
Than have reſign'd the will;

Though will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes,
Than he who wears a crown;

Hence, in the boſom cold of age,
It kindled a ſtrange aim
To ſhine in ſong; and bid me boaſt
The * grandeur of my theme;

But oh! how far preſumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceaſe to flow.

Firſt! greateſt! beſt! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canſt make our wiſdom wiſe;

And how unwiſe! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
"Indeed, beneath the taught!"

* Page 87.

Means moſt infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with inſtructions moſt divine,
To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a ſoul on fire,
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
Where angels ſtring the lyre;

How cold is man?. to him how hard
(Hard, what moſt eaſy ſeems)
"To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
"Which yet he—moſt eſteems."

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And, to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

O

ON

THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

INSCRIBED

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES

"— Gaudia Curis." HOR.

MDCCXIV.

ON THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, ſought,
To eaſe the fullneſs of my grateful thought,
My fame at once, and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to you.

Though you, long ſince beyond Britannia known,
Have ſpread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely ſhine,
Than when ſo late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human ſtate.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatneſs fade away,
Your luſtre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and ſparkles near a tomb.

Know, ſir, the great eſteem and honour due,
I choſe that moment to profeſs to you,
When ſadneſs reign'd, when fortune, ſo ſevere,
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt ſincere.
And when no motives could have force to raiſe
A ſerious value, and provoke my praiſe,
But ſuch as riſe above, and far tranſcend
Whatever glories with this world ſhall end,

Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
The ſun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I ſing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell:
Who now to verſe would raiſe his humble voice,
Can only ſhew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever New!)
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
And pay a conſtant tribute, not their own.
Her ſummer's heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue the foe;
And when black ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
Her winters wear the wreaths, her ſummers won.
Revolving pleaſures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
And glorious victory is loſt in peace.
Whence this profuſion on our favour'd iſle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue ſmile?
Or did the ſceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the ſame.
Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the ſky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
We ſpread our canvaſs to the ſouthern ſhore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the ſouth reſigns her ſtore.

Her

Her virtue ſmooths the tumult of the main,
And ſwells the field with mountains of the ſlain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory ſhare,
While millions lie ſubdued by Anna's prayer.
How great her zeal! how fervent her deſire!
How did her ſoul in holy warmth expire!
Conſtant devotion did her time divide,
Not ſet returns of pleaſure or of pride.
Not want of reſt, or the ſun's parting ray,
But finiſh'd duty, limited the day.
How ſweet ſucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and ſoften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch deſcending angels ſpread,
And join'd their wings a ſhelter o'er her head.
Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart:
She ſaw, and griev'd to ſee, the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She ſhed her bounty, piouſly profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.
Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.
What ſtrikes my ſight? does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurprize!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.

How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it diſappears,
Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphan's tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever fought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune loſt her name, her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly ſtroke, from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of fame arriv'd,
Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſt,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd!
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire:
Wiſely to ſpend, is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,

One

One drop of water, that refreſh'd the dry,
Shall riſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date,
Is virtue's great reward puſh'd off by fate;
Here random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth and regal ſtate,
Anna ſate arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies.
Thus end matureſt honours of a crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
So when with idle ſkill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; he ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!

Vers.

Yes, this advantage; from our deep diſtreſs
We learn how much in George the Gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe, and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain?
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we ſmooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the Gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom intereſt joins, and chace our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit without a bluſh the Britiſh crown.
Secure his honour, though he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great ſir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine;

In

In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt
That we contemplate, and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Iſis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne!
For England's church her lateſt accents ſtrain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal, for thee.
What though thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown 's impatient to incloſe thy head;
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience through the world ſhall tell
That king 's a Briton, who can govern well!

THE

THE

INSTALMENT.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

" Quæſitam Meritis." HOR.

MDCCXXVI.

THE INSTALMENT.

WITH invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no Muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd ſons of praiſe!
Our morning ſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings diſplay,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that, the ſword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, claſp the diamond-girdle round his waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread;
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, ſince firſt he fixt the race,
None preſt fair glory with a ſwifter pace.
When fate would call ſome mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome favourite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a lengthen'd courſe;
That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.
See, Britain, ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant ſtar;

A ſtar

A[illegible]at. with auſpicious beams, ſhall guide
[illegible]afe, through fortune's rougheſt tide.
[illegible]ſtill ſmiles, by this, ſhall commerce ſteer
A[illegible]ourſe, in triumph round the ſphere;
A[illegible]ring tribute from each diſtant ſhore,
In [illegible]ain's lap the world's abundance pour.
[illegible]ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Th[illegible]at black cloud, which riſing from the Thame
Wit[illegible]nſwick's wrath, is ſent
To claim the ſeas, and awe the continent.
This ſhall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the Muſe ſhall kindle, and aſpire:
My breaſt, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.
My fortune ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair:
Be this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free;
'T was meant for merit, though it fell on me.
Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoriz'd my Muſe,
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.
Falſe praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which proſtitute fair fame to worthleſs men:
This prophanation of celeſtial fire
Makes fools deſpiſe, what wiſe men ſhould admire.
Let thoſe I praiſe to diſtant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the taſk is hard, to weed
From verſe rank flattery's vivacious ſeed,

And rooted deep; one means muſt ſet them free;
Patron! and patriot! let them ſing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor thoſe retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the ſun,
With vigorous charms can through the ſeaſons run;
Defies the ſtorm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen:
Where bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring;
And midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blaſts of envy riſe,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
Lets fall no honours, but ſecurely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though ruffling factions preſs;
By wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs;
One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd *;
And the charm'd Muſes ſhelter in his ſhade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe I plead,
But what chaſte truth indites, old time ſhall read.
" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which, ſoon, beat high for arts, and public-good;

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

" Whose glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please:
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
" His council guides, his temper cheers our ills,
" And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."
Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly-conscious meets the smiles of fame,
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.

Now

Now rival wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas riſe in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court deſert, who fame deſpiſe.
For what 's ambition, but fair virtue's ſail?
And what applauſe, but her propitious gale?
When ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore,
From her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
By blaſts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.
Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud encloſure down;
And high deſert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling, in juſtice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.

Gods are moſt Gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them, by rewarding well.
Though ſtrong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it ſoars into the ſky.
Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praiſe;
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more: for in this dread ſuſpenſe of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick, for the great event,
Brunſwick of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

MDCCXII.

" —Parnaſſia laurus
" Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjecit umbra." VIRG.

AN EPISTLE

TO

LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone,
While ſuppliant Kings in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring;
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you;
The Muſe's friend is pleas'd the Muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crouds, and labour for acceſs,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of Arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.

In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſure chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids every nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And every Monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyll ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed, the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name.
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All Nature ſeems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in every field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe.
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate) in Bourbon's ſtately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:

From

From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword,
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard tame!
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, compleats the friends.
A thouſand happy conſequences flow
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow);
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole;
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Mean while, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate,

Goodneſs

Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
And power a curſe, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make diſſention ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe we may dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relicks of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone;
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne too ſhall build, and every ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bleſs
Th' almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdued to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs;
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.

Heroic,

Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day:
Now boaſt your deaths; to thoſe your glory tell,
Who at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.

The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main);
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On heaven without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray, nor in one breath
Aſk Mercy for ourſelves, for others Death.

But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,

In

In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place;
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Left, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what 's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike Poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus ſhut, her *Iö Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear
(A thouſand various forms become the fair);
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves

Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that 's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks;
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcenes his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.

More glory to an Author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.

How often have I ſeen the generous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which every ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her power?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:

Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lye.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the Muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots fluſh'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue, whom ſo fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muſes to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.

Nor

Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance:
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte;
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt;
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What though we wrong him? Iſabella's woe
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The Drama glories in the Britiſh Muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouze th' affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep: the *Gallic* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What 's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæſar, in a human plan.

And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what Heaven deſign'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakeſpeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *made*.
Our neighbour's ſtage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On Nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakeſpeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly we muſt own,
Not ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.

And yet in Shakeſpeare ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with maſter-ſtrokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and inchanted iſle,
Bid us no longer at our nurſes ſmile;
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.

Who lives, when his Othello 's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too, he conquer'd France.
Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendants, Shakeſpeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame:—
Yet I in vain that Author would ſuppreſs,
What can't be greater, cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim,
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakeſpeare riſe unbleſs'd with Talbot's ſmile,
Ev'n Shakeſpeare's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle:
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the Will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muſes glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an Author with your praiſe:
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.

What

* An anceſtor of the duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakeſpeare. YOUNG.

What though the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the Poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded, when beſt underſtood.
The Muſes write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
The Muſe, which from her Lanſdowne fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue:
Since what is mean my Muſe can't raiſe, I 'll chuſe
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muſe.
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we chuſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.

Though ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Though priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though reſolute to pleaſe;
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world 's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe:
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others excellence;
A gift, which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe, who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth, as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain left merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good; that told, ſo well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.
When you, my lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
No crouds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;

Nor

Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport, muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told!

So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpriz'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhores the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who 's confin'd
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;

Ranges Eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heavenly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye Kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life compleat!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name.
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thouſand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,

Who

* See his Lordſhip's Tragedy intitled "Heroic Love."

YOUNG.

Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you muſt blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He 's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a tye far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun, to bend his courſe*.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.
How are you bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end;

* His Lordſhip's Nephew, who took Orders.

O Harrifon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain;
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.
With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late:
'Twas paſt, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itſelf confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;

Then

Then with a groan—ſupport me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear! *
Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhowers:
Nor yet diſdain thoſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the Muſe immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in lateſt time, when ſtory 's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain ſway'd, when Granville ſung:
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted lord.

* The Author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harriſon, Fellow of New-College, Oxon. YOUNG.—[See a more particular account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."]

TWO

TWO
EPISTLES
TO
MR. POPE,

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M DCC XXX.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets, and load the ſtall;
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' proſe works up, and Lico's ſtrains.
Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh *from high*,
Where ſpeculation roofted near the ſky;
Letters, Eſſays, Sock, Buſkin, Satire, Song,
And all the Garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burſt; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I 'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I 've *heard* myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid, leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public miſtreſs, none enjoys,
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;

With

With *fame*, in juſt proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhew they live) they flutter, and they ſting:
But as by depredations waſps proclaim
The faireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.

Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champain?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
The purple prelate, or the pariſh clerk;
The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
By thriving men ſubſiſts each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a writer 's made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.

Hail,

Hail, fruitful *iſle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old ſong;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame;
Thy ſons, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they pleaſe;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires;
Their verſe immortal kindles looſe deſires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our ſport and pity, puniſhment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
To ſhew (in vain!) he ſtill retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an Hypnotic for the ſpleen:
Some write, confin'd by phyſic; ſome, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; ſome, becauſe 'tis wet;
Through private pique ſome do the public right,
And love their king and country out of ſpight:
Another writes becauſe his father writ,
And proves himſelf a baſtard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulſe give;
He 'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no proviſion made, but of his theme;

Perhaps a *title* has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them juſt;
Genius directly from the *gods* deſcends,
And who by labour would diſtruſt his *friends*?
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs:
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So ſounds ſpontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;
The prieſts found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.

Clodio dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)
Oft have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *dæmon* ſay,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I 'll meet thee, youth, at White's:" the youth replies,
"I 'll meet thee there," and falls his ſacrifice;
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every ſnare:
Clodio for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they ſtake;
How muſt Spain tremble, and the German ſhake!

Such writers have we! all, but ſenſe, they print;
Ev'n George's praiſe is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts prophane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you *can ſteal*) cœleſtial fire.
O! the juſt contraſt! O! the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who ſo ſad, but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay Caſtruchio's miſcellaneous dreſs?
Though there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
Theſe, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtic dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet;
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps; who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecſtaſies.
Will they perſiſt? 'Tis madneſs; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the Mint.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes;
O frail concluſion; the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There 's true good-nature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night:
But, riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream:
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead.
In vain *advertiſements* the town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who *preſs* for fame, but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis *voluntiers* alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,

And

And ſays, " Sir, I 'm your friend; all fears diſmiſs;
" Your glory, and my own, ſhall live by this;
" Your power is fixt, your fame through time convey'd,
" And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A Stateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
" Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
" What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But ruſhes like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with ſcandal and with ſcoff;
But 'tis ſo very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But, when once publiſh'd, they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block 's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can thoſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion 's ſold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like Lapland winds, they fly:

Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
A State-Ulyſſes tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew:
For Chriſtian miniſters of ſtate are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Which far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But, when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With *golden* forceps, theſe, another takes,
And ſtate elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richeſt* ſtateſmen wants, wherewith to pay
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it aſks the wretch to be baſe!
Nor can the *greateſt* powers enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's ſelf they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.

Nought but inconſtancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets;
From the ſame hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wiſh it were.

I

If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly Proteus' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*
Invites the town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He 's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung;
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make:
The Snake reigns moſt; Snakes, Pliny ſays, are bred,
When the *brain* 's periſh'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like you, curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.
What if the *figure* ſhould in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah *, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes paſt,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hiſt at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape:

* Settle, the city poet.

And marks the murderers of fame from n
Through meagre jaws they draw their ven
As ghaſtly as their brothers in Macbeth :
Their feet through faithleſs leather meet th
And oftener chang'd their principles than
The tranſient veſtments of theſe frugal me
Haſtens to paper for our mirth again :
Too ſoon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the ſight
The friend through pity gives, the foe th
And, though full conſcious of his injur'd
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wiſh them w
So fare the men, who writers dare commen
Without their *patent*, probity and ſenſe.

From *theſe*, their politics our Quidnunc
And Saturday 's the learning of the week
Theſe labouring wits, like paviors, mend
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat eſſays ;
Ram their coarſe nonſenſe down, though n
And hem at every thump upon your ſkull

O how I laugh, when I a blockhead ſee,
Thanking a villain for his *probity!*
Who ſtretches out a moſt reſpectful ear,
With ſnares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my ſoul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceleſs Reynard liſtens—till he bites.
As, when the trumpet ſounds, th' o'erloaded ſtate
Diſcharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds diſhonour'd weapons wield,
And *priſons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuſe, and the dregs of men,
Compoſe the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London, shall the rage abate?
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses [illegible]
Where, mortalior immortal, as they please,
The laurel'd may chuse eternity, or ease?
Has not a * Royal Patron wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who spoke [illegible]
Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An Author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,

What

* King George I.

What anſwer will the laurel'd ſhade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The nobleſt works his envy'd genius writ,
That boaſt of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth moſt dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wiſh'd unwrote
The ſprightlieſt efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brighteſt ſons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wiſdom caſt,
To think *that early* we *muſt* think *at laſt*.

Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious ſtill to virtue's ſacred cauſe;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The ſacred *thirſt* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In proſe 'tis blameable, in verſe 'tis worſe,
Provokes the Muſe, extorts Apollo's curſe;
His ſacred influence never ſhould be ſold;
'Tis arrant *ſimony* to ſing for gold:
'Tis immortality ſhould fire your mind;
Scorn a leſs paymaſter than all mankind.

If bribes ye ſeek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largeſt bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will ſurely ſerve him, if they can;
The bad, when intereſt or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *intereſt* and their *pride*:

But ſhould both fail to take him to their care,
He boaſts a *greater* friend, and both may ſpare.
Letters to man uncommon light diſpenſe;
And what is virtue, but ſuperior ſenſe?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a ſcandal of the firſt renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheiſts* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to pleaſe than give offence;
The leaſt miſconduct damns the brighteſt ſenſe;
Each ſhallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreſſions deep
On thoſe that o'er a page of Milton ſleep:
Nor in their dulneſs think to ſave your ſhame,
True, theſe are fools; but wiſe men ſay the ſame.
Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit* 's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.

Prudence

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 't will cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much truft example, but reflexion more:
More had the antients writ, they more had taught;
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This

Slow runs the Pegaſus that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain:*
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will ha
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties cha
Our age demands correctneſs; Addiſon
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part* 's unſound.
He that *ſtrikes out*, and ſtrikes not out the *beg*
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'en ſo little, if what 's right be there,
We praiſe for what you *leave*, and what you *ſt*

A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius cenſures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.
Let *ſatire* leſs engage you than *applauſe*;
It ſhews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's, country's, truth's, religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt.
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt *have* that glory you preſume to *give*.
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I 'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let

Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour?* It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.

Can others write like you? Your taſk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflexion be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life;
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.
True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream;
And if they ſlightly think, 'tis much the ſame.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the *ſubject*, cogent the *diſcourſe*,
Clear be the *ſtyle*, the very *ſound* of force;
Eaſy the *conduct*, ſimple the *deſign*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *ſoul* divine:

Let

Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reaſon reign; o'er that, your Creed:
Thus *virtue's ſeeds*, at once, and *laurel's*, grow;
Do thus, and riſe a Pope, or a Deſpreau:
And when your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
Live up to the full luſtre of your lines:
Parts but expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's deſeſted cauſe,
Who for bare talents challenge our applauſe.
Would you reſtore juſt honours to the pen?
From able writers *riſe* to worthy men.
" Who 's this with nonſenſe, nonſenſe would reſtrain?
" Who 's this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the vain?
" Who damns our traſh, with ſo much traſh replete?
" As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;

While

While fnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *ſlay the ſlain*.
Sore preſt with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign;
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield;
Unleſs dire Codrus rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and, on the green,
Poke out their fooliſh necks in aukward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiſs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *ſons* of *dulneſs* write.

AN

AN EPISTLE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY MR. DODDINGTON.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

" —Quæ cenſet Amiculus, ut ſi
" Cæcus iter monſtrare velit—" HOR.

THOUGH ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of uſe impart, though void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good-will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his ſource, he drains a thouſand ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall rivulet brings.

So thou ſhalt, hence, abſorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intereſt ſhall prophane the Muſe,

No malice, wrapt in truth's diſguiſe, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.
When firſt a generous mind ſurveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the ſhow (though little underſtood)
He only ſeeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to diſpoſe,
And gratitude ſtill ſprings, where bounty ſows;
That every grant ſincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But thoſe who long the paths of ſtate have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving ſtill, their gates beſiege,
'Tis eaſier far to give, than to oblige.
This of thy conduct ſeems the niceſt part,
The chief perfection of the ſtateſman's art,
To give to fair aſſent a fairer face,
Or ſoften a refuſal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; ſtill ſquander, not beſtow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get; and more than all, their due;
Still aſk, but ne'er conſult their own deſerts,
And meaſure by their intereſt, not their parts:
From this miſtake ſo many men we ſee,
But ill become the thing they wiſh'd to be;

Hence

Hence diſcontent, and freſh demands ariſe,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cauſe ſuſpects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can pleaſe, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As theſe o'erprize their worth, ſo ſure the great
May ſell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no diſtinction, where diſtinction 's due,
Marks from the many the ſuperior few;
When ſtrong cabal conſtrains them to be juſt,
And makes them give at laſt—becauſe they muſt;
What hopes that men of real worth ſhould prize,
What neither friendſhip gives, nor merit buys?

The man who juſtly o'er the whole preſides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wiſe affection guides;
Knows when to ſtop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not beſtow'd.

When, ſafe on ſhore ourſelves, we ſee the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through ſuch a tumult, 'tis no eaſy taſk
To drive the man of real worth to aſk:
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the ſhow,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to beſtow;
From hence ſo few are ſkill'd, in either caſe;
To aſk with dignity, or give with grace.

the great, ſeduc'd by love of parts,
genius, and neglect our hearts;
the glittering ſparks that genius flings,
us, towering on their eagle's wings,
he flights by which themſelves begun,
ur dazzled eyes to bear the ſun;
et the hand that made us great,
envy, not to emulate:
generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men riſe;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a freſh offence,
By which ſuperior power is ſtill imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardſhips breed;
But thoſe who hate from envy, hate indeed.
"Since ſo perplex'd the choice, whom ſhall we truſt?"
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and juſt;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who ſerves thee from affection, not for gold.
We love the honeſt, and eſteem the brave,
Deſpiſe the coxcomb, but deteſt the knave;
No ſhew of parts the truly wiſe ſeduce,
To think that knaves can be of real uſe.
The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And ſtrives to dignify a worthleſs choice,
Attempts a taſk that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.

One

One worthleſs man, that gains what he pretends,
Diſguſts a thouſand unpretending friends:
And ſince no art can make a counterpaſs,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic braſs,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debaſe the ſtamp, than raiſe the coin.
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that taſk be hard;
Souls form'd alike ſo quick by nature blend,
An honeſt man is more than half thy friend.
Him, no mean views, or haſte to riſe, ſhall ſway,
Thy choice to ſully, or thy truſt betray:
Ambition, here, ſhall at due diſtance ſtand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honeſt hand:
Beſides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view thoſe failings with a lover's eye;
Though ſmall his genius, let him do his beſt,
Our wiſhes and belief ſupply the reſt.
Let others barter ſervile faith for gold,
His friendſhip is not to be bought or ſold:
Fierce oppoſition he, unmov'd, ſhall face,
Modeſt in favour, daring in diſgrace,
To ſhare thy adverſe fate alone, pretend;
In power, a ſervant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundleſs thirſt of doing good;
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty maſter's ſteps thou trace,
The brave to cheriſh, and the good to grace;

With friendſhip guarded, and with virtue grac'
In aweful ruin, like Rome's ſenate, fall,
The prey and worſhip of the wondering Gaul

No doubt, to genius ſome reward is due,
(Excluding that, were ſatirizing you;)
But yet, believe thy undeſigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contenc
Though both have weight when in the balance
Let probity be firſt, and parts the laſt.

On theſe foundations if thou dar'ſt be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage ſhall droop through length of
And calumny be ripen'd into praiſe,
Then future times ſhall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now

Thus far my zeal, though for the taſk unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others ſplit;
By that inſpir'd, though ſtranger to the Nine,

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

"— Sopitos ſuſcitat ignes." VIRG.

I.

FROM man's too curious and impatient ſight,
The future, heaven involves in thickeſt night.
Credit grey hairs: though freedom much we boaſt,
Some leaſt perform, what they determine moſt.
What ſudden changes our reſolves betray?
To-morrow is a ſatire on to-day,
And ſhews its weakneſs. Whom ſhall men believe,
When conſtantly themſelves, themſelves deceive?

II.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd Muſe adieu;
You warm old age; my paſſion burns anew.
How ſweet your verſe! how great your force of mind!
What power of words! what ſkill in dark mankind!
Polite the conduct; generous the deſign;
And beauty ſiles, and ſtrength ſuſtains, each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beſet;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

'Tis like the limpid ſtreams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundleſs wealth, o'er ſhining beds of go

IV.

But whence ſo finiſh'd, ſo refin'd a piece ?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their clai
And ſlowly take poſſeſſion of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That ſooths my pride : all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

V.

But this have others done ; a like applauſe
An ancient and a * modern Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees aroſe,
Meridian luſtre you, at once, diſcloſe.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,

VI.

Next to the godlike praiſe of writing well,
Is on that praiſe with juſt delight to dwell.
O, for ſome God my drooping ſoul to raiſe!
That I might imitate, as well as praiſe;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confeſs;
Nor would Auguſtus' age have priz'd it leſs;
An age, which had not held its pride ſo long,
But for the want of ſo compleat a ſong.

VII.

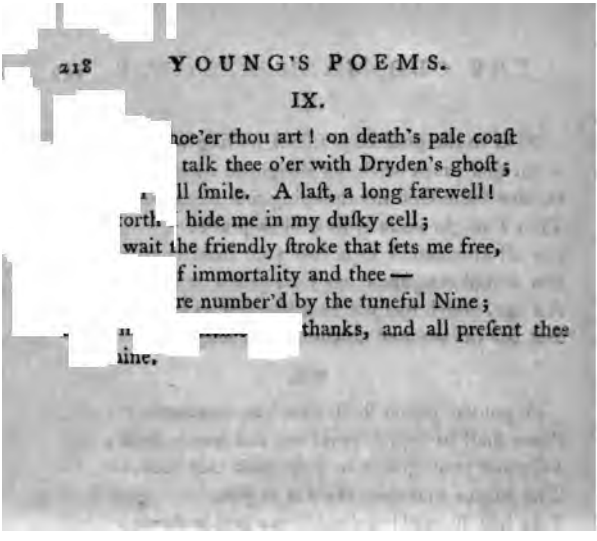
A golden period ſhall from you commence:
Peace ſhall be ſign'd 'twixt wit and manly ſenſe;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muſes find their Halifax in you.
Like him ſucceed! nor think my zeal is ſhewn
For you; 'tis Britain's intereſt, not your own:
For lofty ſtations are but golden ſnares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a ſhort fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its taſteleſs, painful courſe, to ſing of you.
When ſuch the ſubject, who ſhall curb his flight?
When ſuch your genius, who ſhall dare to write?
In pure reſpect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you moſt, commend no more.

IX. Adieu,

IX.



hoe'er thou art! on death's pale coaſt
talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghoſt;
ll ſmile. A laſt, a long farewell!
orth. hide me in my duſky cell;
wait the friendly ſtroke that ſets me free,
f immortality and thee —
re number'd by the tuneful Nine;
thanks, and all preſent thee
ine.

VERSES

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DOCTOR YOUNG,

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH *.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendſhip can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the Muſe's lateſt ſpark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bad Thee look beyond the grave:
Genius ſoars, and Virtue guides;
Above, the love of God preſides.
There 's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why ſtand ſhivering on the ſhore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe, through ſeas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue ſteers.

* "A Poetical Epiſtle from the late Lord Melcombe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the Author of the Night Thoughts," was publiſhed in 4to. 1776.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO

MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY Muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen climes to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient days*,
The *warrior's* ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to ſound;—
But let Arion's ſea-ſtrung harp be Mine:

III.

But where 's his *dolphin?* Know'ſt thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong! Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcued from the grave.

IV. " Tell

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

IV.

" Tell me, ſay'ſt thou, who courts my ſmile?
" What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle!"—
No ſtranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorſet downs, when Milton's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* ſooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That Milton's blindneſs lay not in his ſong?

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were grey:
How ſhortly ſhall we Both forget,
To thee my patron I my debt,
And thou to thine for Pruſſia's golden key.

VII.

The preſent, in oblivion caſt,
Full ſoon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
Full ſoon the wide diſtinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High-fluſh'd ſucceſs, and pale defeat;
The Gallic gaiety, and Britiſh ſpleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! ſtay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing ſtrikes the liſtening ear;
Time groans his laſt! Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels and deſires,
Than once prevail'd; we ſtand on higher ground;
What ſcenes we ſee!—Exalted aim!
With ardours *new*, our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſt! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And, bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke:
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the *ſouth* with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailor ſings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Haſtes the huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV. She

IV.

She *nods* again: the labouring earth
Diſcloſes a tremendous birth;
In ſmoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous aſpect, threatening riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

V.

Theſe miniſters of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *iſland's* will,
When thrones unjuſt wake vengeance: know, ye powers!
In ſudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful ſenate lowers.

VI.

In her * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
In patriot picture, what may raiſe,
Of inſolent attempts, a warm diſdain;
From hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, ſwiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia ſheaths her courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

* Houſe of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of nature, ſpite of Jove,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts;
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame;
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent!

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superior terrors to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or ſee I Vulcan's ſooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe baubles fall,
Yon ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your ſtrokes ſuſpend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and firſt take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickeſt *night*,
And ghaſtly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to Virgil's Deſcription of Thunder

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon ſhake;
If Britain's crimes ſupport not Britain's foes,
And edge their ſwords: O power divine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cauſe, by fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

III.

The day commiſſion'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too *feeble* to ſuſtain;
Or *firm* to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV. That

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
" Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wiſdom, and how weak is might!

V.

" Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
" For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appeaſe;
" A wrath, more formidable far
" Than angry nature's waſteful war,
" The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To Thee for ſuccour we reſort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of ſafety, thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou canſt arreſt the flying ball;
" Or ſend it back and bid it fall
" On thoſe, from whoſe proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the foe;
" There 's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the ſea;
" With ſeas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouze, or huſh, the martial ſtorm;
" And turn the tide of conqueſt, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam ſublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from death to free;
" To turn aſide his level'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" *There* we caſt anchor, we confide in Thee.

XI.

" Thou, who haſt taught the *north* to roar,
" And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blaſted pride with dread to ſeize,
" Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
" And George depute to thunder in thy ſtead.

XII. " The

* Ruſſia. † Aurora Borealis.

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold and ſtrong;
" Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance: nature's awful fire!
" Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt Thou frown,
" Where is puiſſance and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let George the juſt chaſtiſe the vain:
" Thou, who durſt curb the rebel main,
" To mount the ſhore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid George repel a bolder tide,
" The boundleſs ſwell of Gallic pride;
" And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withſtood)
" *Ambition*, tam'd by loſs of blood,
" Regains her reaſon; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* deſcend, and ſhouting greet,
" With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
" How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
" The poiſe of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

IMPERIUM

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRICK:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occaſioned by His MAJESTY's return, Sept. 1729, and the ſucceeding PEACE.

" Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
" Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas,
" Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profundo.
PIND.

" Concines lætoſque dies, & urbis
" Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato
" Fortis AUGUSTI reditu." HOR.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* ſound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a falſe idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not ſo *familiar*. As a fixt ſtar is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though leſs obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I ſhall therefore *ſoon* ſupport at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* ſubject in itſelf; more *proper* than any for an Engliſhman; and particularly *ſeaſonable* at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good *writing* in every province, than in the *ſublime*; our two famous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had feweſt rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* intereſt, or *poſſible* glory of his country, than before; or a ſtronger *impreſſion from* it, or a warmer *concern for* it, I give up to the *critic* any farther reputation.

We have many *copies* and *tranſlations* that paſs for *originals*. This Ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*.

The

The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the *whole*; and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in *ſubjects* and *deſigns* of our own. Nothing is ſo *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he muſt be *ſo* too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a *cloſe copy*, and a *noble original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A *diſtich* may be *long*, and a folio *ſhort*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate Ode if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fullneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought moſt to be declined, if for nothing elſe, for our plenty of it.

The *Ode* is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the moſt ſpirited kind of *Ode*; this I ſpeak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer by it.

THE

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατείαι πάντοθεν λογίσιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδοι
νᾶσον εὐκλέα τάνδε κοσμεῖν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *Propoſition*. An Addreſs to the veſſel that brought over the *King*. *Who* ſhould ſing on this occaſion. A *Pindaric* boaſt.

I.

FAST by the *ſurge* my limbs are ſpread;
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll:
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar;
The God deſcends; and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II.

The waves are huſh'd; the winds are ſpent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in ſong—Fam'd Iſle! no leſs,
By Nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *ſea*, diſjoin'd;
Alone in bliſs! an *iſle*, in happineſs!

III.

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my ſtrains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though flow their ſtreams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye diſpels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George ſupplies the diſtant ſun.

IV.

Away, my ſoul! ſalute the * *Pine*,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand depoſit faithful to reſtore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er ſhall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My ſoul! to thee, *ſhe* ſpreads her ſails;
Their boſoms fill with ſacred gales;
With inſpiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime,
O ſend her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and ſecure from *ſtorm*.

VI.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to ſoar,
Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
Bid her a Britiſh conſtellation riſe—
The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and, *now*, ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *ſkies!*

VII. Dare

* The veſſel that brought over the King.

VII.

Dare *you* to ſing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye prophane!
Who ſhackle *proſe*, and boaſt of *abſent* Gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* Sons of Genius riſe!
Of *genuine* title to the ſkies;
Ye *founts* of Learning! and ye *mints* of Fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attick art,
And drink pure ſong from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt,
As, when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The generous burſts of willing wine
Diſtil nectareous from the grape *unpreſt*.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *proſpect* of happineſs. *Induſtry*. A ſurprizing inſtance of it in old Rome. The miſchief of *ſloth*. *What* happineſs is. *Sloth* its greateſt enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Deſcribed*. *What* the greateſt human excellence. The *praiſe* of wealth. Its *uſe*, *abuſe*, *end*. The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cauſe of it. The benefit of man's *neceſſities*. Britain's naval ſtores. She makes *all Nature* ſerviceable to her ends. Of *reaſon*. Its *excellence*. *How* we ſhould form our *eſtimate* of things. *Reaſon's* difficult taſk. *Why* the firſt glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

I.

"OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance;
And Plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone:"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am preſent to the *future* blaze.

III. By

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the ſun!—O thou divine,
Bleſt Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, *maſt*, *cable*, *anchor*, *oar*,
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurſt, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden Fruit! *oak* well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry compleat?
When Punick war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As ſoon they fall; as ſoon they riſe;
One moon, a *foreſt*, and the next, a *fleet*.

VI.

Is *ſloth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear,
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he choaks the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh'd long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh *here*:
What though ſhe languiſh'd? 'twas but *fear*,
She 's ſound of heart; her conſtitution ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, ſting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy faſt anchor, puſh from ſhore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And, ſee, ſhe 's rous'd, abſolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudleſs azure, rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue, and name!
Again, ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again, ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI. Ten

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that hung
In ſhameful ſloth with nerves unſtrung,
The nations languid load, defy the ſtorms,
The ſheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd veſſel wing to ſea,
Worlds, worlds ſalute, and peopled ocean ſwarms.

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their ſedgy foreheads lift, and ſmile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs from far,
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab ſweet
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſails,
Nor diſtant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the *ballaſt* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant iſle! What tide that flows,
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhines, pours for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon blending on thy ſhores!

XV.

All theſe one Britiſh harveſt make!
The ſervant Ocean for thy ſake
Both ſinks and ſwells: his arms thy boſom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundleſs dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the firſt renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And *ſpend* as free as gods beſtow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then my breaſt! *abound* my ſtore!
This, and this boldly, I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoicks boaſt:
Paſſions and *riches*, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our ſkill;
All bleſſings wound us, when diſcretion 's loſt.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wiſe*,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Let thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe,
The *narrow-ſoul'd*, or the *profuſe*,
The *truly-great* find *morals* in the mine;

XIX. Happy

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illuſtrious *art*
Of being rich: ſtores *ſtarve* us, or they *cloy*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* ſkill,
Extract not what is *brighter* ſtill:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty 's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos ſhines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No *ſordid* ſon of thine ſhall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations! commerce and increaſe.

XXII.

How *various Nature!* turgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, *worms* weave filken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun,
Beneath the ſoil, *there* harveſts run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

XXIII.

What 's *various* Nature? Art divine
Man's ſoul to ſoften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may ſtand in need of all,
And *intereſt* draw around the ball,
A net to *catch* and *join* all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *ſupreme*, to mortal men,
In their *neceſſities* diſtinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetite* ſupplies the place
Of abſent virtue, abſent grace,
And human want *performs* for human wit.

XXV.

Vaſt naval enſigns ſtrow'd around
The wondering *foreigner* confound!
How ſtands the deep-aw'd continent aghaſt,
As her proud *ſcepter'd* ſons ſurvey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains riſe, of cable, anchor, maſt?

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees *here*, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king:
How earth 's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot, our throng'd Exchange!
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſpring.

XXVII. Nor

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends,
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils ſhe in *trade?* or bleeds in honeſt *wars?*
Her keel each yielding *ſea* enthrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
Her pilot into ſervice liſts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

In ſize confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the ſhade,
And ſeem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human ſoul,
Heaven bid its rays tranſpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *Reaſon*, gave us *All*.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bleſt Reaſon! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghoſts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the ſtars around him fall;
A God is nought but Reaſon Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reaſon is a God!
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole *Agent* he beneath the ſhining ſphere,
Others are *paſſive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

XXXI. Our

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe?* or crowns *inflame?*
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſprings;
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the *dart*, diſſolve the *charm*,
Who know the *ſlender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *preſent* object, *preſent* day,
Are idle *phantoms*, and away;
What 's *laſting* only does *exiſt*. Know *This*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endleſs* bliſs.

XXXIII.

How *foreign* theſe, though *moſt* in view!
Go, look your *whole* exiſtence through;
Thence, form your *rule*; *thence* fix your eſtimate,
For ſo the gods: but as the *gains*,
How great the *toil!* 'Twill coſt more pains,
To vanquiſh *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reaſon!* the *firſt* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine.
By thee, *Trades* ſwarming throng, gay *Freedom's* ſmile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *inſtruct* our iſle.

STRAIN

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britons ſhould purſue it. What wealth *includes*. An *Hiſtorical* digreſſion which kind is moſt frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cauſe* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miſerable fall. The neighbouring kings juſt *reflection* on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the ſoul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's *brighter* ſun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold!*
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! leſt Gods repent:
The Gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

III. And

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes!* every deck, a *throne!*

IV.

She ſate an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her *ſtable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and ſhe call'd the *ſeas*,
By Both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Togarmagh's ſteed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian, arms.

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame;
The *golden city* was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt;
Hers the far nobler *harveſt* of the ſeas.

VII. O mer

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! *head* of Plenty's Springs!
The pride of Iſles! In *wars* rever'd!
Mother of *crafts!* lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But ſhe fell:
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his favourite iſle loud roars the *main!*
The tempeſt howls! her ſculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one *altar!* a whole people, *ſlain!*

IX.

The deſtin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The ſable *hour* is coming down:
She 's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *ſword* and *ſtorm* are in her hand;
She trumpets ſhrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth! the boaſt, *unknown!*

X.

For, oh! her ſins as red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The Queen of Trade is *bought!* once wiſe and juſt,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *droſs*, her bloſſom into *duſt!*

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe,
Her ſordid *noble* ſinks! her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* ſprightly ſound?
Is it for *this*, her great-ones toſs the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right?
The *ſpurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh *all* her might:

XIII.

Tyre's *artizan*, ſweet *orator*,
Her *merchant*, *ſage*, big *man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary heads*,
Whoſe brows with *wiſdom* ſhould be crown'd,
Her very *prieſts* in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours ſheds.

XIV.

What death of *truth!* what thirſt of *gold!*
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *baſe ones* lifted high!
What *public* boaſts! what *private* views!
What *deſert* temples! *crowded* ſtews!
What *women!*—practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas! there is, who ſees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

He ſees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courſer paws, and foams the rein;
And chariots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain! Her high, preſumptuous air
In gorgeous veſtments rich and rare,
O'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coſtly *ſtain*,
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine, in vain!
In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wines flow in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
Damaſcus, vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe vain, ſhe boaſts,
Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX. Bell

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
To *ſhips*, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there*: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in ſeas, from which her glory roſe.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of *cedar* nought avail,
Or pilot *learn'd*! She ſinks, nor ſinks *alone*,
Her Gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though ſo vaſt her naval might,
In *her* firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right?
All *flags abas'd* her ſea-dominion greet:
What though ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that Iſle deſtroy
Whoſe conqueſt fail'd, as far as fail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings *ſhe* cloath'd in purple ſhake
Their aweful brows: "O foul miſtake!
"O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe,
"Who ſaid—with my *own* art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
And ſwell'd at heart, vain Empreſs of the Sea!

XXIII. "Thi

XXIII.

" This, This is ſhe, who *meanly* ſoar'd:
" Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
" And ſtile herſelf a God!—Through ſtormy wars
" This Eagle-Iſle her thunder bore,
" High-fed her young with *human* gore;
" And *would* have built her neſt among the ſtars.

XXIV.

" But ah, frail man! how impotent
" To ſtand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
" To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
" Shall Iſland-kings with Him contend,
" Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
" And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

XXV.

" *Earth*, *Æther*, *Empyréum* bow,
" When from the brazen Mountain's brow
" The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts on his veſture dipt in blood,
" And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

XXVI.

" Ah! wretched Iſle, once call'd the *great!*
" Ah! wretched Iſle, and wiſe too late!
" The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
" Thy *luxury*, *corruption*, *pride*,
" And *freedom* loſt, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee *ſtanding*, o'er thy *ruins* ſhout:

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *inference* from this Hiſtory. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* Nations. How *far* the ſtroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* ſupports our endeavours. The *unconſider'd* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to purſue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *ſea*. Britain's grandeur from her *ſituation*. The *winds*, the *ſeas*, the *conſtellations*, deſcribed. Sir Iſaac Newton's praiſe. Britain compared with *other* States. The Leviathan deſcribed. Britain's ſite, and ancient title to the *ſeas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* deſpiſe *Trade* as mean. *Cenſured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A ſurprizing inſtance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *periſh* by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *ſolicit* down!
Ocean 's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

II.

This Truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe, as Fortunes ſwell:
What is large property?—The *ſign* of good,
Of worth *ſuperior*: if 'tis *leſs*,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the Gods with favours *miſbeſtow'd*.

III.

This council ſuits Britannia's Iſle,
High-flush'd with wealth, and Freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the Continent,
Who ſtarve, *at home*, on meager toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſ-ſpent.

IV.

Fell Tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow Genius down,
Lay Virtue waſte! for worth or arts, who ſtrain,
To throw them at a *monſter's* foot?
'Tis *property* ſupports *purſuit*:
Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle,
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouſe, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong: O Muſe! not *thine*,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the ſeas,
Is born for *trade*; to plough her field, the wave;
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt,
Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII. Britain!

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *ſolid* ſpace,
Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the ſea!
And why? for Commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a Prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong *guards*, the waves,
Of *ſervant* winds admiſſion craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

There are her friends; ſoft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caſpian, the broad Baltick boil,
And into life the dead Pacifick ſcourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marſhal'd train:
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtar that quits *this* hemiſphere
Muſt quit the ſkies, to want a Britiſh fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories *burn*,
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons ſet and riſe
The fair-fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging *Dog* that fires the *midnight* ſkies.

XII.

Theſe nations Newton made his own;
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty ſoul did, like a giant, run
To the vaſt volume's *cloſing* ſtar;
Decypher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* ſtrand,
Not *ſuch* the ſea: let Fohé's ancient line
Vaſt *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *ſmall* elephant—
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of life;
He *ſleeps* an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out:
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *ſtorm*.

XV. Th'

XV.

Th' Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
" The ſeas are ours."—The monarch ſaid—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival, then, to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their diſtance moſt, as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe roſe;
The child of Britain! And ſhall ſhe contend?
It were no leſs than parricide:—
What wonders riſe from out the tide!
Her *High and Mighty* to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and ſcorn to bow
So far beneath the ſtate of *noble* birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themſelves* how low;
The ſons of *Nobles* are the ſons of *earth*.

XX.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's *chief* good, not *glut* on others' toil?
High Commerce from the Gods came down,
With *compaſs*, *chart*, and *ſtarry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *ſmile*.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*
To *trade*.—To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*:
That arm, which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *ſcepters* wait, and *thrones* impatient ſtand.

XXII.

O ſhame to *ſubjects!* firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the *crown!*
Old Time is *poor*: what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye *drones!* adore the man divine—
No; Virtue ſtill as *mean* decline,
Call Ruſſians barbarous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII. He

XXIII.

He too of Judah, great, as wiſe,
With Hiram ſtrove in merchandize;
Monarchs with monarchs ſtruggle for an *oar!*
That Merchant * ſinking to his grave,
A flood of treaſure ſwells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar ſuch a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *ſands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
Thoſe trade in *bleſſing*, theſe in *pain*,
At ſlaughter ſwell, and ſhout, while nations groan:
With purple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
If great to *ſpend*, what, to *ſupply?*
Prieſts pray for bleſſings; Merchants pour them down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* ſoft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are Merchants; take, return,
Luſtre and heat; by *traffick* burn;
The whole Creation is one vaſt Exchange.

XXVII. *Is*

* Vaſt treaſure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death. YOUNG.

Trade, Art's mechanick, Nature's ſtores
Well-weighs; to *ſtarry* Science ſoars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*
The ſcites, tongues, intereſts, of the ba
Who ſtudies Trade, he ſtudies all;
Accompliſh'd Merchants are accompliſh'd Me

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praiſe. Britain ſhould decline *war*; but boldly aſſert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and ſurprizing *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miſer's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *falſe* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be purſued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praiſe. America deſcribed. Worlds ſtill *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* repreſented.

I.

HOW ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul?
How Sloth's laſcivious reign control
By verſe, with unextinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How every breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words, and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *ſpirit* pour, like vernal ſhowers,
My *verſe* ſhall burſt out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III. Though

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from *war*;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *ſtar*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne** a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal ſhowers,
To chear the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The bloom call'd forth ſees azure ſkies diſplay'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious *bees* ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain! her iſle 's an iſle *indeed*,
A *ſpot* too ſmall to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

VII. Trade

* The King's ſpeech.

VII.

Trade 's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all;
Trade 's all herſelf; hers, hers, the ball;
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp! the ſtudent's eaſe!
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his *naval* art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which his Majeſty *firſt* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *ſilver* ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the ſun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth ſhould groan,
Beneath yon load *: *created* ſure, not *made!*
Servant and *rival* of the ſkies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher riſe:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble* Trade.

XI. Where

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

XII.

As by *repletion* men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's *doom*;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *ruſt*,
Which, paſſing numerous hands, woul
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *duſt*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can poliſh fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wiſe* man's
Call forth her foreſts, *charm* them into fleet
Can make *one houſe* of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Hers, every ſun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imp
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's ſmile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleaſure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
Boundleſs in *time* and in *degree*:
Pleaſure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

XVI.

Falſe joy 's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the *ſpirits*, and untunes the *frame*:
True joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright *ſerene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the care
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *falſe* coin from *true*; to ſweep the *main*;
The *mighty ſtake* ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt *tie* of *field*, or *fund*:
Commerce gives gold, *Religion* makes it *gain*.

XVIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor*:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to *bleſs*, who couldſt *ſubdue* mankind!

XIX. Rich

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night*; the *ſtars* are thine,
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *beſtow*,
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires ſent down
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Forbiſhers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an *old*.

XXI.

Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An *univerſe!* her rivers, *ſeas!*
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heaven's faireſt birth! and, but for thee, *in vain!*

XXII.

Worlds *ſtill unknown* deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are *due* to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *ſtars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as ſwelling *ſails*,
Conſtant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *maſts*, elate;
Thy *juſtice*, an unerring *helm*
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, ſure *anchor* of her ſtate!

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra. *What* the conſtellations are. Argo. The whale. The dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The moon. *What* the ſea is. *Apoſtrophe* to the Emperor. The Spaniſh armada. How Britain ſhould ſpeak her reſentment. *What* gives power. *What* navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. *Who* maſter of the world. *What* the hiſtory of the world is. The *genealogy* of glory. Miſtakes about it. Peace the merchant's harveſt. *Ships* of *divine* origin. *Merchants* ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage. *Praiſe* the food of glory. Britain's record.

I.

BRITANNIA'S ſtate what bounds confine?
(Of riſing thought O golden mine!)
Mountains, *Alps*, *ſtreams*, *gulphs*, *oceans*, ſet no bound;
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small iſle! For Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* ſhone:
They roſe to *Gods*, in *half* thy ſphere confin'd.

III. *Here*,

III.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth 's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon *ſpangled harp* repeat my lay!
Yon *ſtarry lyre* has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the *planets* round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

The ſkies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror ſhew th' adventurous throng;
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in *ſtars*,
And noble *verſe*, that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The *ſkies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
Chiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views*;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours *grateful* luſtre on my lays;
How ſmiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealouſies his ſmile ſubdue;
He fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

* The Dolphin.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye *leſſer* lights!
How could the wiſe-man gaze whole nig
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! you practiſe *ſhameful* arts;
Your own *retain*, *ſeize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the Britiſh Fair.

IX.

This truth I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be *fluſh'd* at Britain's fame
And, rolling, tell the nations—" o'er the m
" To *ſhare* her empire is thy pride "
He, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's r

X.

What is the *main*? Ye Kings renown'

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee *thy* welfare in the *world's*? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill, not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate*.

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill doſt own,
Who reſcued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt, that the *kind* are *brave*;
Ill doſt thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was That to *ſave*.

XIII.

How would'ſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted *inſpiration*'s vain!
Yet what if my *prediction* ſhould prove *true*?
Know'ſt thou the *fatal pair* who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire? *Thine*
As one *rejected*, what, if one *ſubdue*?

XIV.

What *naval* ſcene adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inſpires her *councils*, and records her *power*?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On ſinking thrones, the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt aſſembled ſenates lour.

* The Spaniſh Armada in the Houſe of Lords.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language ſound,
Than *that* which proſtrates human ſculs,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
Or *reach* of counſel gives the world a *lord:*
Trade calls *him* forth, and ſets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly;
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keeneſt *ſword.*

XVII.

Nay, *her 's* the ſword! For *fleets* have *wings*,
Like lightning fly to *diſtant* kings;
Like Gods deſcend *at once* on trembling ſtates:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To farthеſt confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pinion'd people*, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
And carry *ſable clouds*, and *ſweep*
The land, the deſert, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX. Th

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever ſtrike
On bare *outſides*; and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endleſs error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
Of human *weljare* and *renown*,
Trade 's the big-*heart*; bright empire, but their *eye*.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To claſp their *ruin*, fly from *toil*;
That meaneſt product on their ſoil,
Their *people* ſell: one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric 's a glaring Monument:
Mid *citron* foreſts and *pomegranate* groves
(Curſt in a paradiſe!) ſhe pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd*, *famiſh'd*, tradeleſs native roves:

XXII.

Not ſo thine, China, blooming-wide!
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide*;
Thy *products* would exhauſt both India's mines:
Shut be *that* gate of Trade! Or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful ſong! Her growth * *inſpires* thy lines.

* Coffee.

XXIII.

Britain! To *theſe*, and ſuch as theſe,
The *river* broad, and foaming *ſeas*
Which *ſever* lands to mortals *leſs* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* ſkill or might;
Thoſe ſever'd parts of earth *unite*:
Trade 's the full *pulſe*, that ſends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engroſſing* hand
The various ſtreams of Trade command,
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful Power the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects; and his *Will*, their law.

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From Commerce, Grandeur 's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium*, undeſign'd, on Trade.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
And Power from Wealth; of Power is made
The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of Peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd: what 's loſs of blood?
War is the death of Commerce and Increaſe.

XXVII.

Then perish War!—Detested War!
Shalt thou make Gods? light Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's summer clear!
His *harvest!* harvest *round* the year!
For Peace with laurel every *mast* be bound;
Each *deck* carouse, each *flag* stream out,
Each *cannon* sound, each *sailor* shout!
For Peace let every *sacred ship* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first *design*;
With which the Patriarch Nature's *ruins* brav'd;
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The *Gods made* Human race, a *Pilot, sav'd.*

XXX.

How sacred too the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame *;
Bright shone the *sword*, but brighter trade gave law;
Merchants in *distant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder Statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants Embassadors! and Thrones in awe!

XXXI. 'Tis

* In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXVI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of ſtars; the *births* of climes;
Summer and Winter theirs; theirs *land* and *ſea*,
Theirs are the *ſeaſons*, *months*, and *years*;
And each a different *garland* wears:—
O that my ſong could add Eternity!

XXXII.

Praiſe is the ſacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illuſtrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye *bound?*
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Launch from the Thames, and end among the ſtars.

XXXIII.

If to my *ſubject* roſe my *ſoul*,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her ſtory in the ſkies.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From Pole to Pole! To Britain all belong.

THE

THE MORAL.

The moſt happy ſhould be the moſt virtuous. Of *Eternity*. What Britain's arts ſhould be. *Whence ſlavery*.

I.

BRITAIN! thus bleſt, thy bleſſing know;
Or *bliſs*, in vain! the Gods beſtow;
Its *end* fulfil, *means* cheriſh, *ſource* adore:
Vain *ſwellings* of thy ſoul repreſs;
They moſt may *loſe*, who moſt *poſſeſs*;
Then let bliſs *awe*, and *tremble* at thy ſtore.

II.

Nor be too fond of life *at beſt*,
Her *chearful*, not *enamour'd* gueſt:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay proſpects give;
Proſpects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Perſian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *Eternity!* a ſcene
To fair *adventurers* ſerene!
O! on that *ſea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffick with Gods! What tranſports roll!
What boundleſs *import* to the ſoul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the ſubjects *crown!*

IV. Adore

IV.

Adore the Gods, and plough the ſeas:
Theſe be thy arts, O Britain! theſe.
Let *others* pant for an immenſe *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery God;
The proudeſt *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while Heaven-born Freedom laſts;
Which Trade's ſoft ſpurious daughter blaſts;
For what is Tyranny? A monſtrous birth
From Luxury, by bribes careſs'd,
By glowing Power in *ſhades* compreſs'd;
Which *ſtalks* around, and chains the *groaning* earth.

THE CLOSE.

This *ſubject* now firſt ſung. *How* ſung. Preferable to Pindar's ſubjects. How Britain ſhould be ſung by *All*.

I.

THEE, Trade! I *firſt*, who boaſt no ſtore,
Who owe thee nought, *thus* ſnatch from ſhore,
The ſhore of Proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long;
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time, to ſure renown;
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

II. Thou

II.

Thou art the Britons' nobleſt theme,
Why, then, unſung? My *ſimple* aim
To dreſs *plain ſenſe*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not ſport imaginations vain,
But liſt, with yon ethereal train,
The ſhining Muſe, to ſerve the *public good*.

III.

Of *ancient art* and *ancient praiſe*,
The *ſprings* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes, ghoſts around me throng,
And think their glory ſung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far ſurpaſt, as *uſeful* cares
Tranſcend diverſion *light* and glory *vain*:
The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throngs,
And panting ſteed, to him belong.
The *charioteer's*, not *empire's* golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muſe deſpiſe
That *would* to glowing Ætna riſe
(Such Pindar's breaſt), thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the Gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or ſong, how rare the true *Sublime!*

VI. Now,

VI.

None, *Britiſh-born*, will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Though not with *genius*, with *ſome* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muſe!) the *lay* may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh Maſt,
The Britiſh Maſt, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorm unbroke;
By ſtrength *not hers* ſublime: thus, proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *ſtrain*;
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* Sons of Verſe,
Who *ſing* not actions, but *rehearſe*,
And *fool* the Muſe with *impotent* deſire;
Ye ſacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

" YE Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
" Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
" Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
" Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
" Ye Navies! to the concert bound
" From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
" Britain to Heaven; from Heaven deſcends my ſong.

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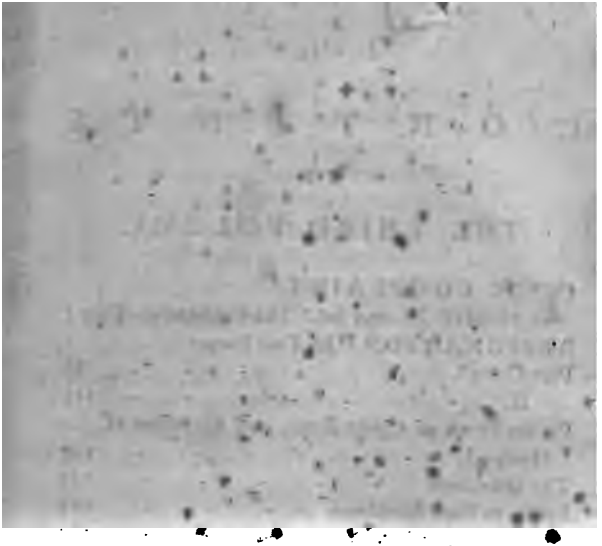
END OF YOUNG'S POEMS.



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